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Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

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Selections.

From the Wisbeach Freeman.

PRO-SLAVERY CATECHISM.

Who was the first negro? Cain

How did he become so? The Lord set a black mark upon him.

Did the Southern slave come from him? Yes.

How did they get through the flood? O, no! they *did n't* come from him; they come from Ham.

How do you know that? Because Ham means black.

Upon whom did Noah pronounce a curse? Upon Ham.

Does the Bible say so? No: it says Canaan, but then it means Ham.

Does that curse make it right that the blacks should be enslaved? Yes.

Why? Because they *should* be.

Don't the Bible say that Christ should be crucified? Yes.

Well, did that make it right? No, but the cases are not parallel.

From what country did the slaves come? From Africa.

Did the descendants of Canaan people Africa? No, but that makes no difference.

Who were the happiest men that ever lived? The Patriarchs.

Why? Because they did n't have to work.

Who was the first patriarch? Abraham.

Why were not Methusaleh, Enoch, and Noah, patriarchs? Because they did n't hold slaves.

How do you know that Abraham's servants were slaves? Because he whipped Hagar.

How do you know that? Because she ran away.

How do you know that it is right to flog slaves? Because God sent Hagar back.

When Abraham took his three hundred and eighteen slaves, and pursued the kings, why did they not run away, as sla[illegible] now do? Either because Abraham had his hands along, or because God had taught them better.

Were the Israelites allowed to hold slaves? Yes.

Whom might they hold? The heathen round about.

How long? Forever.

Who else might hold them? Their children after them.

Who are those children? Southern slaveholders.

How does that appear? The Jews were cut off, and the Gentiles grafted in, in their place.

But are not the slaves Gentiles, too? Yes, but they are heathen.

Who were the heathen whom the Jews might hold? The Canaanites.

How does that make it right to hold negroes, then? O, because they come from Ham.

Have the negroes been sold as slaves in all ages of the world? Yes.

Were the Roman slaves negroes? Yes.

How do you know? Because it is impossible to make anybody else slaves, *but* negroes.

Did Christ and his apostles approve of Roman Slavery? Yes.

How do you know? They did n't say anything against it.

No, but the *Bible* does, for it says, "the merciful man spareth his beast?"

Was Paul a good man? Yes, he was a holy saint.

What did he do? He sent back a runaway slave.

What was his advice, and that of the other apostle, to the slave? To abide in their calling, and be obedient to their masters.

What is the best form of Government in the world? Republican.

Why? Because the people have nothing to do but play cards, sip wine, whip women, and steal babies.

How do you make that out? Because "Slavery is the corner-stone of our republican institutions."

What is the great interest of the nation? Cotton.

What does U. S. stand for? *US.*

Who has a right to say so? Nobody but the slaveholders?

What does U. S. A. stand for? United Slaveholding America?

What is the propriety of that? The slaveholders have got Texas, and are *going* to have California, Yucatan, Mexico, Cuba, and finally, the whole continent, *all only Oregon.*

From the Correspondence of the Buffalo Daily Express.

INCIDENTS OF SLAVERY.

LOUISVILLE, (Ky.) April 29, 1846.

Up to this time I had not been able to comprehend that the fine-looking, intelligent, and well-dressed men and women of color that I saw about me were chattels, the subjects of trade and barter, like my horse or my cow, but a public sale of slaves enabled me to comprehend the painful reality. A. B. had died, leaving certain debts to be paid by his administrators, and his stock of boys and girls (slaves) was brought to the hammer, *according to law*, in front of the Court House—the sheriff acting as auctioneer. *Jack* is produced, and offered for sale. The sheriff says, "Gentlemen, the terms of sale are cash. I offer you this fine boy, Jack—he is warranted sound and in good health; he is docile and ingenious: he is of good disposition, was very devoted to his late master; once saved his master's life while drowning, at the risk of his own; can't bear an Abolitionist, (a laugh.) How much am I offered for the boy Jack? Jack, how old are you?" "I reckon, massa, I am 22 or 25 years old—don't know, exactly." The sheriff says, speaking to his mother, "Snow-ball, how old is Jack?" "Reckon 20, massa." "Well, Jack is from 20 to 25 years of age. How much is bid? $200, 200 200, 225, 225, 250, 250. Jack is a professor of religion. (300 by two bidders.) Religion sells [illegible]' 300, 300—Jack has no education—can't read or write;" 350 "Ignorance sells at the same price! 350, 350, 375, 400, 425, 430, 435, 440, 440, do I hear no more!—last call; bid quick, or gone. Gone." Jack is knocked off to a man with a broad hat, who wears a heavy gold chain across his bosom, a handsome bowie knife in his vest, and carries a huge cane in his hand.

During this dreadful scene, Jack's mother and sister stand by awaiting their turn. Need I say to humane readers that they were overwhelmed with grief and drowned in tears? Jack watched the bidding as intently as the victim would the knife that was either to sever his bonds, or send him to the other world. When a man bid who was known to be a kind master, his face would light up with joy; and a bid from a different quarter would cover his face with an expression of anguish that must be seen to be appreciated. When he was struck off, he turned pale and sank upon the ground a picture of despair. I thought I could see beneath that dark skin a white soul wrung by mortal agony. He had been purchased by a slave-dealer who bought and sold men, women, and children to the sugar planters of Louisiana for gain. His new master seized him by the collar and dragged him away to jail, shaking his cane over his head and swearing, as only a slave-dealer can swear, that he would load him with irons and cure him of the hysterics. The sister, a comely female of nineteen years of age, was next offered, and sold, I believe, to a kind master. The mother was then offered for sale on time, for anybody's note without endorsement. She was sixty-five years of age, or more. She was a woman, and a mother, and a Christian, and her head was white with the blossoms of the grave. "The almond tree had begun to flourish, and the grasshopper had become a burden;" and there were no bidders. God spare me from another such sight.

After looking much upon Slavery in its home in the South, I am free to say that, in general, the slaves seem to be happy and well treated. Very many kind masters and mistresses will not part families—the humanity of the individual is greater than the humanity of law. The system sanctions cruelties at which the individual slaveholders revolt. It is a dreadful day for slaves when they are exposed to the tender mercies of the law, when the courts of justice (justice, forsooth!) take the place of the humane slaveholder.

The slaves of the South are boisterous in their mirth, always laughing, singing, and dancing, and hence the unthinking observer says that they are happy, as though happiness was only manifested by much noise. Let all such go to the county jail, the receptacle of the abandoned and the wretched, and there he will hear boisterous mirth and glee, exceeding even the slaves'. And yet prisoners are not happy—the jail is not a paradise! I hope my next letter will take me out of this city. S.

From the Chronotype.

PARK STREET CHURCH.

Some of our readers may be curious to know how it came to pass that Mr. Torrey's funeral was announced to take place at Park Street Church, a church which one would suppose from its course for half a generation past, would dread such a tribute to a fearless, practical Christian, as the worst species of profanation. We suppose the application for it must have been made to gratify Mr. Ide, the brother-in-law of Mr. Torrey, who is a member of that church. It seems that the full committee who have the disposal of the church were not in town when the application was made, and it was granted on the responsibility of one of the members, who, good simple-minded man, did not dream he was committing sacrilege. When the other members returned, they revoked the grant, and saved the peculiar holiness of the sanctuary from utter desecration. In the most momentous and important hurry, they sent a messenger to one of the committee of arrangements, who aroused him out of his sleep in bed at 10 o'clock on Saturday night, to tell him that Park Street Church could not be let for Mr. Torrey's funeral! The funeral services were not what they expected! What a narrow escape—for both Park street and the funeral!

Whether the body of the martyr himself would profane the sanctuary, or the discourse delivered by the brother of another martyr would pollute it, or profane, and unholy men coming in to shed a tear over a fellow-mortal who could be merciful without any more regard to his own interest than Jesus himself manifested, would destroy its sanctity, we are not informed. And as we feel perfectly sure that the body of Jesus of Nazareth would have been treated in the same way by the majority of the Park street Committee, we do not take any particular interest in the question. If they think they can afford to shut humanity out of their religion, they must try it. Our own private opinion is, that they could better afford to spare the doctrine of election, or any other article from their creed, than a practical sympathy with the victims of Slavery, and an outspoken honor of the man, who, when he saw one of the least of Christ's brethren in worse than prison bondage, went, and ministered unto him, and helped him out. It is quite needless for any of the Park street folks to take offence at what we have here said, as it is only a little outbreak of insanity or monomania, and will continue to be so probably for about ten years, when all of a sudden it will change places in public estimation with the act of the Park street Committee.

WEST INDIES.

We have received a file of Jamaica pap[illegible] th instant, but find nothing in them of great importance. The following we cut from the Morning Journal:

"There is no distinction of color now in Jamaica." This is the universal cry amongst certain parties.

In the case of the Queen against James Hinds, for the larceny of a brace and bits from Mr. Dias, a witness named Bell, who resides in the parish of St. John, applied to the Court for payment of his expenses. The Court, after consulting for some time, directed that he should receive twelve shillings.

This sum might have been sufficient, or it might not; it was the province of the Court to determine the matter, but we would very much like to know, by what rule the Court regulates their calculation of the expenses to which a party is put to. It was but the day before, that the very same Court ordered one pistole to be paid to a Mr. Aldred, for one day's expenses; and, in our judgment, Mr. Aldred was not a person likely to be put to greater expenses than Mr. Bell. We know, besides, that it is the custom of the Court to allow over-seers, clerks, and persons in similar walks of life, one pistole per day, and this the Clerk of the Peace told the Court. Mr. Bell is a freeholder of St. John, he had all the appearance of a gentleman, he was respectably dressed, and as his honor the Chairman remarked [illegible] his breakfast, his dinner, and supper.

"According to the rate of charges in Spanish Town, these expenses could not have amounted to less than seventeen shillings, and yet the Court liberally granted him twelve shillings. We have been present at a number of applications made by witnesses for their expenses, and we do not remember ever having heard less than sixteen shillings awarded to any person presenting an appearance above the rank of a laborer, a domicile servant, or a journeyman tradesman, but though Mr. Bell presented none of these appearances, he unfortunately presented a very dark face. We know not whether this had any effect on the calculation of the Court; but this we feel assured of, that had a white man, of no greater apparent respectability than Mr. Bell, made a similar application, the sum of sixteen shillings a day would have been ordered him at once.

Without attempting to impugn the decision of the Court, we must say, that we would wish to see some more definite principle laid down, by which witnesses' expenses are to be regulated, and on that principle, that all persons in similar walks of life should have the same allowance, without regard to the fact whether the applicant is white, black, or brown. Either the sum awarded to Mr. Bell was too small, or that which the Court are in the habit of awarding, and which no longer ago than the last Court of Quarter Sessions was awarded, to white men in a similar, and even lower walks of life, is too large.

AFRICAN IMMIGRATION.

The schooner Planet sailed on Wednesday morning for Sierra Leone, with sixty-two passengers on board, including return emigrants, emancipados, and pensioners. We understand that it is the intention of Mr. Potts, her owner, should the trip pay, to run a larger vessel in the trade, which cannot fail of being of mutual benefit both to Sierra Leone and Jamaica.

The Times of yesterday says: "The appearance presented on board this vessel was highly interesting; the passengers, consisting of a number of emancipados lately from Cuba, and some discharged soldiers from the second West India regiment, all apparently indulging in pleasing anticipation of returning to their families and native country. They expressed themselves highly gratified with all that they had witnessed and personally experienced here, and declared their unanimous intention to return with their families, and all such friends as may be induced, by their favorable representations of us, to accompany them. They observed that this their voluntary return to their native country, free from all restraint or impediment, will be sure to remove whatever doubts or misgivings, if any, may still be entertained by their countrymen in that quarter; so that although the Planet, being of light burden, can carry but a very limited number herself, it is expected her trip will have a very beneficial effect in furthering the views of parties hereafter sending larger vessels.

From the Washington Patriot, May 93.

MORE TYRANNY, AND NEARER HOME.

Mr. David Moore, a citizen of this county, resident near West Middletown, having a large quantity of land in the lower counties of Western Virginia, went thither last spring, to give his personal attention to his property. Being an Abolitionist, he requested us to send him the Patriot, directed to a neighboring post-office, in Kentucky, and he has been in the uninterrupted receipt of it for about a year. Having ordered the paper for his own satisfaction merely, he did not circulate it; but, as opportunity offered, would read an occasional piece to such of his neighbors as chanced to call on him. This fact got wind, and at the late session of the Braxton county court the matter was brought to the attention of the Grand Jury. Judge M'Comas, the circuit judge, (who presided at the trial of the kidnapped Ohioans) improved the opportunity to harangue the Grand Jurors with a Biblical defence of Slavery, impressed on them the necessity of stopping the introduction of anti-slavery publications, and of punishing those who received and read them.

Accordingly, the Grand Jury found a true bill against Mr. Moore, for circulating incendiary and seditious publications, and a warrant immediately issued for his arrest. Having armed himself, and taken other precautions, he managed to elude his pursuers, quietly slipped on to a steamboat, and arrived at home in safety last week.

Mr. Moore was an orderly and peaceable citizen. In doing what he did, he only exercised the privileges of a freeman, the rights secured to him by the Constitution of his country. For so doing, he has been branded as a felon, and hunted from the shores of a State which arrogates to herself the title of a republic.

Virginia "*says* she is a republic." *She lies!* The despotisms of the old world exercise no tyranny so bitter, so unrelenting, so unreasonable, as that exercised in Virginia.

NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

Our readers can hardly fail to be gratified at the perusal of the following article, showing how an Anti-Slavery Convention appears to an impartial and intelligent observer. We cut it from the Yankee Blade, published at Gardiner, Maine; one of the ablest papers upon our exchange list. The editor is of the right stuff wherewith to make a good Abolitionist:

Among the anniversaries held annually in Boston, by the various moral and religious societies of New England, there is none so full of interest, especially to the admirers of genuine native eloquence, as that of the Anti-Slavery Society. While in the city, during the late anniversaries, we spent several hours at the meetings of this body, in the Melodeon and Faneuil Hall, and though we listened with somewhat conflicting emotions to the sentiments uttered by these stern and uncompromising champions of abolition, yet we must confess, that nowhere have we heard more splendid bursts of eloquence than those which shook the walls on this occasion. The meetings at each of these places were attended by dense crowds of people, of all sects and parties, who filled the main floor, the aisles, and the galleries of these large edifices almost to overflowing. Whigs, Democrats, Liberty men, non-resistants, community men, and men of color, were there, and the frequent interruptions of the meeting by loud stampings, cat-calls, and hisses, showed that the sneaking, cowardly, ruffian mobocracy was also represented in full numbers. On and about the platform might be seen the most magnificent array of anti-slavery talent that America, or perhaps the world, can boast. There was the eloquent and intrepid Garrison, the brilliant, silver-tongued Phillips, the ardent, vehement, yet strong-minded Burleigh, the cool, intellectual Channing, the fearless, fiery-souled, uncompromising Pillsbury, the sarcastic, denunciatory Foster, and numerous others of hardly less note or ability, who have won to themselves distinction by their readiness to speak out on all occasions, in behalf of struggling humanity, without regard to the popular jeers or applause.

The opening speech, on Thursday morning, was made by "*Father Henry*," as we think he was called—a silver-headed, frank-looking old man, whose impassioned, enthusiastic manner, ebullient humor, and frequent sallies of quaint, eccentric wit, convulsed the audience with roars of laughter. Next followed G. W. F. Mellen, a rather self-sufficient young limb of the law, belonging to the Liberty party, who commenced boring the assembly with a long, tedious, vaporous speech, in reply to Foster, designed to show the unconstitutionality of Slavery. The audience not relishing the speaker, whose ideas found vent with a great deal of difficulty, and were altogether too obfuscated for popular comprehension, began speedily to manifest signs of impatience, and a determination to "choke him off" at the threshold. He had not proceeded far with his hair-splitting distinctions, when his voice was suddenly drowned by a loud clapping from the galleries, lasting for some two or three minutes; the noise subsiding, he attempted to renew the thread of his discourse, but had scarcely repeated, "The Constitu—," when the clapping was renewed, still more violently [illegible] time he began, "The Constitution declar—," and the audience burst out into a continual cheering. Snatches of song were sung with a chorus around the long galleries, canes were rattled on the floor, and a hundred heels beat time against the seats, making, altogether, an uproarious scene of confusion, to which nothing but bedlam broke loose would afford a parallel.

Mr. Mellen being compelled abruptly to close his speech, Mr. Garrison next took the platform, and for upwards of half an hour poured out his caustic and eloquent denunciations of Gov. Briggs without stint or mercy. He pronounced Gov. B. a traitor to the cause of justice, and an apostate from the principles he had professed, and declared that he would convict him as such out of his own mouth, to the satisfaction of the audience and the world. He then read an address to the people of the free States, signed and put forth by Gov. Briggs, and other Northern members of Congress, at the time the Texas Annexation was first agitated, in which it was declared that the completion of that scheme would not only justify but would itself be, *ipso facto*, a dissolution of the Union. This document the speaker compared with the Governor's late proclamation, which spoke of "the *constitutional* authorities" having declared war with Mexico; and having thus made out a pretty strong case of inconsistency, he proceeded, amidst mingled hisses and applause, to denounce the Governor in terms of scorching severity as a traitor to freedom. Mr. G. though less fiery, rapid, and animated than some of his associates, is one of the clearest-headed, most powerful, and impressive speakers the Anti-Slavery ranks can boast. With few glittering points, splendid flashes, or breathless bursts of eloquence in his speeches, there is a deep earnestness, a spontaneous fervor in all that he says, which chains the attention of the most listless hearer, and leaves an impression at once deep, distinct, and enduring. The power he evinces is not that of fancy, or mere passion, or convulsive excitement, but the calm, yet warm and living energy of a strong intellect, compelling from the echo of every mind a full and hearty response. In the crushing force of his denunciations, he almost rivals Junius himself. All that come within his grasp have to feel the full power of his overwhelming invective, piercing wit, and biting sarcasm, and at times he is so mercilessly caustic as to cause feelings of pity for his writhing victim, and horror at his cruelty.

Among the speakers who followed Garrison, there was none on whose lips the audience seemed to hang with more delight than upon those of WENDELL PHILLIPS. It would be difficult to specify all the elements of Mr. P.'s popularity as a speaker—but a frank, open, speaking countenance, a voice at once of sweetness and commanding compass, an easy flow of sound, and great affluence of language, are among the chief things that win the admiration of the hearer. His voice, in particular, is one of the most enchanting that ever thrilled a public assembly. It is equally distinct and clear, whether at its highest key or lowest whisper—always rich, musical, and captivating. At one time there is a silvery sweetness in its tones, like those of gently flowing streams; at another, it has a manly, sonorous melody, "the full-lipped harmony of a great deep river." One of the principal charms of his eloquence is the masterly ease with which he performs all he attempts—a quality springing not more from a quick, intuitive habit of mind, than from his perfect knowledge and command of his subject. His early model, it is said, was Edward Everett—but he has too much original genius to be the servile imitator of any man. With hardly fewer graces of oratory than Everett, he has far more energy, vigor, and deep fervor of feeling. When attacked in debate, he does not, like Burleigh or Garrison, smite down his assailant with the heavy battle-axe of argument, but pierces him under the fifth rib, with "a rapier as light and glancing as a sunbeam." Mr. P. is a practising lawyer, of Boston, we believe, and though yet a young man, it would be difficult to find many who are his superiors as popular and effective speakers in any part of our country.

In the course of the day, various able and powerful speeches were delivered by Foster, Pillsbury, Remond, and others, but there was none to which we listened with more thrilling interest than to one by C. C. BURLEIGH, of Pennsylvania. There was something peculiarly unique and striking in the personal appearance of the speaker—his tall, commanding form, his noble intellectual forehead, his piercing gray eye, long, flowing hair, thick, bushy beard, and coarse-looking garments—and as he stood up amid the vast sea of faces, reaching from centre to ceiling, and changing from one expression to another beneath the sway of his fiery eloquence like the wind-swept waves in a storm, we almost felt ourselves carried back in imagination to the days of Peter the Hermit, and listening to that mighty enthusiast as he exhorted the multitudes of Europe to join in the great crusade against the enemies of the Cross. During his speech he was frequently interrupted by a shrewd non-resistant opponent, who attempted to perplex him with all kinds of knotty questions, but this, so far from disturbing him, or checking the rapid flow of his eloquence, only added stimulus to his intellect, and increased his vehemence. Like most of his associates, he seems to delight in the badgering and excitement of opposition, and speaks always with an intense earnestness and in a straightforward, energetic manner, that seem to imply a deep conviction of the importance of what he utters, and a belief that he was sent into the world for other purposes than that of rounding periods, "polishing away at the corners of ideas," and practising on his hearers the trickeries of oratorical surprise.

On Thursday, at Faneuil Hall, the Mexican war still continued the theme of discussion, and Rev. WM. H. CHANNING led off the debate, denouncing President Polk, and Gov. Briggs, in unsparing terms. He declared unscrupulously that, if compelled to fight, he would take sides with Mexico, and he fervently hoped that in the present contest that power would acquit herself with honor. These sentiments were hissed at as treasonable by some, while others of the audience clamorously applauded. One of the most sarcastic of the speakers, who followed Mr. C. while ridiculing the people for their cowardice and lick-spittle subserviency to the Government, and declaring that not one present *dared* enlist for the war, was interrupted by a stout, snapping, iron-sided old fellow in the crowd, who gruffly gave him the lie direct, and claimed the privilege of the stand. The speaker giving way, the old fellow—Seth Luther, of Newport Jail memory—took the platform amidst loud shouts of applause, and read a letter, intended to be sent to President Polk, in which, after recounting his grandfather's services under Washington, and his own services under "General Dorr," in "the late Algerine war in Rhode Island," he offered his aid to the President in any warlike capacity to which he was fitted.

But the grand feature of the afternoon's performances was the speech of Rev. THEODORE PARKER, of the Melodeon congregation. For piercing wit, and keen, and stinging sarcasm, we have seldom heard it paralleled. It abounded, too, with splendid imagery, and bursts of brilliant declamation, and in spite of its unpopular character, chained throughout the attention of the better portion of the audience as if by hooks of steel. The sins, failings, and shortcomings of the American clergy were lashed with terrible severity. In speaking of the religious character of Massachusetts, he said that twice in the year the people were called on to bow down before the Lord—once in fasting and prayer, once in thanksgiving and praise; but not a single proclamation issued by the Governor on these occasions had ever, in all their multiplied topics, made the slightest mention of American bondage! Some caustic remark having provoked a hiss from the galleries, he paused a moment in his harangue, and turning his face in the direction of the noise, said with a look of perfect calmness and composure, "This is the first time in my life that I have ever been greeted with a hiss—probably I ought to look upon it as a proof that I have not been always true to my duty." His sarcastic allusion to the temporising conduct of the Government in regard to Oregon, where we had to contend with the gigantic power of England, compared with our readiness to grasp every foot of Texas, where we have only to contend with a weak nation, torn by internal dissensions, had a stinging effect upon some of the audience, and he was greeted with a shower of hisses. He continued upbraiding the North for making money out of Slavery, and said, "Seventy years ago, the first three items of the religious creed of Massachusetts, were as follows: 'I believe in God the Father Almighty; I believe in Jesus Christ; I believe in the Holy Ghost: and these three are one God.' Now the practical creed is, 'I believe in the *Gold Eagle Almighty*—I believe in the *Silver Dollar*—I believe in the *Copper Cent*—and these three make *one money*.'" This hit was received with a tremendous burst of applause, mingled with an outpouring of hisses. Turning to a prominent hisser in the gallery, he said in a tone of mingled contempt and sarcasm, "I have given you your belief in *my* own language, and you have responded 'amen' in yours." All his remarks throughout his speech were characterized by the same stringent, caustic, and pithy style. "Will any Democrat march to Mexico to extend the area of Slavery?" he asked. "Yes!" exclaimed a loud voice from the gallery. "Then go!" rejoined the speaker, and again the house rang with loud and enthusiastic applause. He declared it to be his conviction that before fifty years have passed, the Anglo-Saxon race would necessarily, by its superior enterprise, intelligence, and physical power, extend its sway over Mexico, and he fervently desired that it might be without invasion or bloodshed. Having spoken an hour or more in this strain, he sat down amidst a tumult of clappings and hisses. After a few more speeches, the Convention passed a variety of resolutions, dissolving the Union, &c.; and at dark quietly broke up and dispersed.

From the True Wesleyan.

"EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE."

Much has been said and written of late in reference to O. Scott and others, attending "the World's Convention," to be held in London, for the purpose of promoting what they call "Christian Union." I have read all that has been published in the Wesleyan on the subject, with considerable interest, and have weighed well the arguments for and against that project, and can see but one reason assigned why O. Scott should attend said meeting, that has any weight with my mind, that is, the probability that a sea voyage would do him good. So far as brother Scott's health is concerned, I think it a matter of importance, and ought to be attended to without delay; and I, for one, will be ready even to sacrifice some things that are now considered necessaries of life, so that he may have means at his command.

But O. Scott's health and the Convention are two things, very widely different in my opinion from each other, and ought not to be mixed up together. Many feel a delicacy in expressing their views on the Convention, lest it should be thought that they were opposing means for the recovery of brother Scott's health. All are agreed in this matter. I for one do sincerely hope that brother Scott will not attend that Convention. I might heap up reasons, were it necessary, why this should be the case; one is, that the whole affair is an attempt to make an impression upon the world, and the Catholic Church, by external appearance and words of wind, as a substitute for thorough and constant devotion in the cause of Christ. Then they exclude from the Convention all those who are not exactly "Evangelical;" whose views are not "our" views on what they are pleased to call "fundamental points," thus excluding hundreds of the noblest spirits that tread God's green earth,—spirits, that are doing more to elevate mankind, and dry up the fountain of human misery than thousands of their "Evangelical" brethren ever dream of. Such men, whatever may be said about their "faith," are right in heart and right in action.

I know many of the parties who attended the Liverpool meeting, and will be the leading minds of the London meeting, and I would just as soon fellowship any clerical slaveholder of the South as many of those. The mass of them are opposers of every kind of reform, both in Church and State. They preach, write, and lecture, against the temperance reformation, oppose its advocates at every town, drink beer, wine, brandy, rum, and gin, to any extent, and will, ten to one, have a few dozens of port, &c. at the Convention itself, to enable them to speak with "spirit;" and my friend must not be surprised if he has handed to him a tray with wine as soon as he enters the vestry or lecture-room. Then the apologist for man-stealing will be there with the divines from the Scotch Church, with the "blood-money" in their pockets. I cannot but look upon the projectors of the whole matter with pity. Christianity has no need of such combinations to give it power. It is in itself almighty, and so long as it is *lived*, will be a sufficient barrier to all kinds of error, and if the "Protestant" churches had not become so corrupt and impure, the Catholics never could have gained their present position. I believe in my soul that there are few Catholics worse than the mass of those who will compose the "Evangelical Alliance."

I do hope that the Wesleyans will not feel anxious to be identified among the "orthodox" bodies of this apostate age. Far rather would I be accounted a heretic of the worst kind by them, than live on terms of intimacy and brotherhood with them, while they sustain their present relation.

Whoever may be represented in that body, I am very sure I shall not, and I hope no Wesleyan Methodists of America will be there.

Brother Scott says his health would be much more benefited by putting the Book Concern out of difficulty than by any amount of sea voyages. Here lies the secret; he has given the cause of his disease; let us act like rational men, and apply the *specific*,—fifty cents each. W.

P. S. I regard all the brethren who have written on this subject with the greatest respect, knowing that if we differ, we still can LOVE.

From the Charter Oak.

HIGHLY INTERESTING SLAVE CASE IN VIRGINIA—FORTY SLAVES SET FREE BY DECISION OF COURT.

FRIEND BURLEIGH:—I believe that you, and all your readers, will be much interested in the following slave case, which, in its progress, has been brought under my notice. It has much of romantic interest, and still more of substantial importance, as one of the signs of the times.

About the year 1780 Flora, a free colored woman who was living with her husband in Southwick, Massachusetts, was kidnapped by Oliver Hanchett, of Suffield, in this State, and sold by him into Slavery. Flora was a young woman, with two small children, both of whom were carried away with her. She had been brought up in Suffield, and had removed to Southwick upon her marriage, and was now living near the Connecticut line. Hanchett, familiarly known as Capt. Hanchett, kept a tavern in Suffield, and was a Deputy Sheriff of Hartford county. He had signalized himself somewhat in the Revolutionary war, as a man of courage, but was regarded as a desperate and unprincipled character, and is remembered only as a notorious ruffian. He had once before attempted to carry off Flora, but was beaten off by Exeter, her husband, who was at home, and had a fight with him. He now accomplished his purpose, it is supposed, by making his attack in her husband's absence. Flora and her children were never heard of again in the neighborhood. The affair, of course, caused much excitement,—every body knew that Capt. Hanchett had carried them off—but nothing could be very clearly proved. The excitement after awhile died away, and Hanchett escaped punishment. It was never known to what place Flora was carried, but rumor finally settled down upon the belief, that she had found her way to a plantation in Virginia. Exeter was broken-hearted. He begged Hanchett to tell him where he could find his wife and children. Year after year he continued his supplications. Twice, with diabolical cruelty, Hanchett told him to go to a certain very distant place, and he would find them. Exeter started off—in the first case, full of hope, in the second, with alternate hope and despair,—working his way by degrees, and at last, after many weeks, reached the place of his destination only to find that he had been mocked. He died not long after, without ever knowing the fate of his family. Hanchett died without disclosing it—and the mists of oblivion have long been gathering around the facts, and the grave has been withdrawing one and another of those within whose memory alone they were dimly preserved.

In the meantime, Flora finished a life of toil on a Virginia plantation, and went down to that rest that was denied her on earth. She left behind her many descendants—making at the present time quite a numerous posterity. These descendants are all legally entitled to liberty, by that principle of slave-law, which makes the child follow the condition of the mother. About forty of them, nearly twenty years of age, incited by the tradition of Flora's freedom, instituted suits for liberty—resting on certain evidence obtained in Virginia—of the precise nature of which I have not been informed. These suits had been several years in court, and had been repeatedly tried without an agreement of the jury in any verdict, before it was known that important evidence could be obtained in Connecticut—or that the Flora of their history was the kidnapped Flora of Southwick. Their lawyer, F. T. Anderson, Esq. of Fincastle, Virginia, wrote on to Rev. Dr. Hawes, of Hartford, who immediately communicated with others about it, and active operations were at once commenced among the aged people of Flora's neighborhood, and every fragment of recollection that was of any use, was secured, and embodied in a deposition. Many old people, who would have been excellent witnesses, had recently died, but enough was found to make a strong body of presumptive evidence. Rev. Mr. Hemingway, of Suffield, with his usual benevolence, engaged in the cause warmly and actively, and to his self-denying efforts, with those of Samuel S. Cowles, Esq. of Farmington, is mainly owing the success which attended the search for evidence. The depositions thus obtained were forwarded to Virginia, and now, after a further delay of several months, the cases have been tried, and the negroes all declared free. The letter of Mr. Anderson informing me of the result, does much credit to the good feelings of his heart,—as also the success of the suits to his professional ability—and as it is worthy of the public eye, and seems intended, in a measure, for the use I am making of it, I give it to your readers entire:

FINCASTLE, Virginia, April 28, 1846.

JOHN HOOKER, Esq.:

DEAR SIR:—I returned a few days ago from the Rockbridge Superior Court, and agreeably to your request, I now write to inform you of the result of the pauper suits. These cases occupied the Court the principal part of the term. They were all tried together, and were argued on behalf of the plaintiffs by James L. Woodville, James Garland, John T. Anderson, Esqrs. and myself—and on the part of the defendants by Wm. W. Boyd, Charles P. Dorman, Alexander H. H. Stewart, and Mr. Michie, Esqs. After the argument, the jury retired to their room, and in about half an hour, brought in a verdict for the plaintiffs, by virtue of which about forty persons will be released from Slavery. The evidence taken through your agency in Massachusetts greatly strengthened the cause—and I doubt not had a great weight with the Jury. Every effort was made to exclude it from the jury, and their objection to its admissibility, was sustained by the Court, on the ground of insufficiency of notice—the defendants disclaiming the authority of the gentleman who cross-examined the witnesses on their behalf, to act for them. Regarding this testimony as very important, and being unwilling to risk the cause if it were excluded, I moved the court for permission to withdraw a juror, unless the defendants waived their exceptions. The court promptly intimated that he would do so under the circumstances unless this exception to the deposition was withdrawn. After consultation the defendants agreed to withdraw their exceptions, rather than submit to the continuance, and by this means we got this important testimony before the Jury. They also excepted to portions of the testimony on other grounds in which they were not sustained by the court. They took exception on the opinion of the court, and upon this ground, may make an effort to get an appeal to the Supreme court of Appeals. By the verdict of the jury and the judgment of the court, the negroes are entitled to their freedom at once. They have agreed that one of their counsel shall hire them out until their attorneys are compensated. Your title to compensation shall be attended to. You will please to state what will be your charges—there are nomeans of getting any remuneration except in the way I have mentioned.

This has been a remarkable case. I have no question that poor old Flora was entitled to freedom in Massachusetts. She was, by fraud or violence, torn from her home, and carried into New-York about the year 1782 or 1783—where she was sold into Slavery. In the year 1784, I suspect, by a fraudulent combination, she was imported into Virginia, and sold to a citizen of Montgomery county, then a frontier county, where there would be the least possible chance of having any communication with those who were informed of her right to freedom. She uniformly stated that she was entitled to her freedom in Connecticut, but she failed in all her attempts to have her claim investigated, until she sunk into her grave. These suits were brought by her children in 1826—just twenty years ago. There were five trials previous to the last without any verdict, the testimony being very conflicting, and at last, in the heart of Virginia, by a slaveholding jury and court, their cause was tried, and their right to freedom adjudged. You see from this, that Virginians will do justice even to the poor slave, and in a contest between him and his master, will dissolve the fetters by which they are bound in slavery, when under the laws of Massachusetts or Connecticut, their right to freedom had vested, and had been illegally wrested from them.

An attempt was made to excite a prejudice against the Massachusetts witnesses, by raising the cry of abolition. But it had no effect upon the jury, or the crowd who attended the trial.

It seems to me that the result of this cause ought to have an influence over the minds of our Northern brethren, favorable to, and promotive of those sentiments of mutual respect and confidence which should characterize members of the same great political family. Sentiments that must be cherished if we value our Union, and the perpetuity of our free institutions.

I have understood that the abolition faction receive very little countenance among your people—would it not have a beneficial influence over the public mind in your community, for some of the strongest features of this case to be noted in your public journals, with such comments and reflections as would tend to the promotion of that good feeling which I would like to see cherished and cultivated between citizens of the North and South? I have written my thoughts hastily on this subject. It appears to me that the result of these causes might be made to subserve the cause of patriotism, and to prostrate the designs of those who would destroy our glorious Union. I throw out the suggestion hastily, you will dispose of it as you think proper. Very respectfully, yours, &c.

F. T. ANDERSON.

The Standard.

New England Convention.—Speech of Theodore Parker in Faneuil Hall.

William Henry Channing was followed by Theodore Parker, in a burst of unpremeditated eloquence, which, as he is not able to recall it, we will endeavor, however feebly, to report, for the benefit of absent friends, and enemies: for if *anything* can benefit an enemy of right and freedom, it is such an effort as this. Faneuil Hall was thronged to its utmost capacity, when Mr. Parker rose and said:—

Mr. President, fellow-countrymen and women,—this is a dark hour in which we are met!—but there have before, in our country's history, been hours as dark to herald in bright dawnings. It was as dark an hour, the one that sent our fathers hither from their once honored country. They brought with them the principles of freedom, immature indeed, and not fully established; yet from the first Government formed in New England, to the time of the Federal Constitution, there was a steady advance of political sentiment in hostility to Slavery.

When the first slaves were brought hither from Africa, in 1646, a meeting of the several courts was instantly convened, to consider what course the sin demanded on the part of the body politic, under whose jurisdiction it was committed. The result was, that they were immediately sent back to their homes, at the expense of the Bay State, then not twenty years old; and your Governor wrote a letter, asking pardon of God, and the human race, for the deed! (Applause.) So we began our career as a State! (Applause.)

I am not going, at this crowded hour, to follow the stream of time down to the present crisis:—one event I will however bring hastily before you, for it marks our condition as a Church, in 1780, before the compromises of the Constitution had corrupted us. *Then*, when rumor said that three negroes had been forcibly brought hither as slaves, the community was stirred through all its members, to ascertain the facts; and where, do you think, did these three negroes, and the principles of right and freedom in their persons, find advocates? In the *Boston Association of Congregational Ministers!*—(Great applause.) They passed indignant resolutions—they adopted active measures,—and in less than six months the wrong was righted; and the whole community turned out and spent that whole day as a day of festival and jubilee! (Applause.)

The Federal Constitution was adopted, and from that hour there has been a constant falling away from the great principles of right and duty.

Does any man doubt that? Look at the annual messages and proclamations of our Governors. They are always selected from the religious men of the land, and twice a year they call on their fellow-citizens to cease from daily toil, and meet together, once in penitence, and once in praise, before the God who crowns the year with his mercy. I have recently read those various proclamations. A friend, of mine, of great antiquarian research, placed them all before me. They pray to God, and praise him for all manner of temporal mercies. For blessings on the mercantile and the manufacturing interest—on the farms, and on the fisheries; but from the day of the adoption of the Federal Constitution, not one has mentioned, in penitence, the sin of Slavery, or prayed in mercy for its extinction. This is no imagination. It is a statement of facts. You may find in comparatively recent documents, the suggestion that Abolitionists might be prosecuted at common law, but not a word of rebuke to Slavery: and is not this a sufficient indication of the fallen condition of our people, both in a civil and a religious light?

We profess great reverence for the Constitution which has so degraded our moral character

gard have we for it in reality? Have we not stood tamely by and seen it a thousand times violated? Most indisputably: and last of all, in these times most flagrantly, by the Annexation of Texas—the mode of her representation, and above all by the present informal method of invading Mexico; justifying outrage by fathering it upon that most injured country. We have tried to justify ourselves by saying what is false before men, and false before God, and our reverence for the Constitution is all talk. When we speak of Texas, cowards that we are, we go forward boldly, for the way is all smooth, because of the weakness of the people we are invading. But talk of Oregon, and our words are all the other way. We fear the thunders of that awful mother-nation across the sea!—(Violent hissing.) Hiss on, my friends! It is the first time I have ever been hissed in my life. Possibly it is because I have not till now been true to this great cause whose call I now obey. Is there not a reason why men here should support Slavery? They make money out of it. Our creed, Americans, once ran thus:—"I believe in God the Father,—the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one God." Now let me tell you what our belief, expressed in words as it is in deeds, would be:—I believe in the golden eagle—I believe in the silver dollar—I believe in the copper cent, and *these* three are one money—the trinity of our worship. (*Hissing and clamor from the extremity of the Hall.*) You confirm my words. I repeated this creed in my language, and you have said amen in yours! (Applause from the body of the Hall, followed by hissing from the galleries.) Do you doubt it? [No! from the gallery.] I wish you did! But no:—you would be ready for revolution every man of you, if you could see it to be a question of cash! When the Government ordered the postmasters to be paid in specie, the men of loyalty and allegiance could get up a riotous demonstration, historically known as the ten cent rebellion. There is no shadow of doubt, the God, the creed, the worship of these times, are all akin to money; and of that, the fact, that, till this hour, no meeting of citizens has been here held to protest against the Mexican war, is alone sufficient proof.

There have been dark hours in our country's history ere now. That was a dark hour in Plymouth Colony, when, in time of war, she had spent more money than all the real and personal estate in her limits would amount to. It was a dark hour, that, of the passage of the Boston Port Bill. It was a dark hour, when Washington retreated before the foe. It was a dark hour, when the people of Massachusetts saw, from the hill-tops round, the capture of the Chesapeake: but never was there darkness in our land to compare with the darkness of this hour.

Every fibre of my frame, every pulsation of my heart shrinks from *this* war, though my fathers have fought in every revolutionary battle where brave blood grew hot and was poured out for freedom.

Any war is to be deprecated. It is a terrible curse to fall upon a land; but it is worse to lose the sense of right. It is a far more dreadful curse to have chosen men for our representatives, who are false to the principles of the nation, and false to that great principle of freedom, without which, no nation professing it can long exist. (Applause.) Far heavier is the curse of Slavery on a people, than the direst devastations that could follow its extinction in any way, even though the blazing beams and rafters of our cities were reflected from waters reddened to a dye more than Syrian, by the invading nation whose standard should bring to us deliverance! (Applause.) The American gentleman and scholar, when traveling in other lands, is ashamed to show the passport which tells his origin. The great American Church is rebuked by the little Church in Ireland, whose very heresy it thus appears is more Christian than anything our most orthodox religionists have to boast; and I would this assembly had time to take note of the manner in which that warning has been acted upon in another meeting which took place. [Mr. Parker alluded to the Unitarian Conference, where thorough anti-slavery and anti-war resolutions were adopted.] The times are speaking to us in a voice more eloquent than yours Sir. [*addressing Garrison, F. Jackson, Remond, and other well-known Abolitionists on the platform,*] and yours, and yours. There are a noble few in this nation who have never bent the knee to the nation's idol. The land is disgraced, but good men are not disgraced, when, in times like these, weak and bad men betray its dearest interests and holiest principles. It was Hutchinson,—not the people; it was Gage,—not Massachusetts, of whom the ignominious memory goes down to all future time. Talk of the *seed* we have of Texas and Mexico, to accommodate the swarming millions of the Anglo-Saxon race! Why, in fifty years the Anglo-Saxon race would, of *necessity*, have all that, and without sin. Our *rulers* will not wait, but sinfully seize upon it as plunder and spoil But we can refuse to fight, fellow-citizens, in so foul a cause. I know it was said by one who contradicted his previously-expressed convictions when he said it, "our country, however bounded." But I will know no country that is not bounded by right. I know the Government has sent for troops, but I also know that Massachusetts can refuse them. She refused Governor Hutchinson,—she refused Governor Gage; and, if she obeys Governor Briggs, she's not the same Massachusetts! (Enthusiastic applause.)

Who are the men to go? Not the Whigs, surely?—Not the Democrats! [*A single voice,* "yes!"] Go, then! (Great applause.) The new revolution has begun, and in the same manner as the old one did,—by the spreading abroad of ideas. We have to change the feelings of men. Sentiments beget ideas,—ideas beget actions. I look into this throng of glowing faces of men and women now before me, all won to the advocacy of right, by the efforts of a very few men whom I could count on my fingers, without having the hands of Briareus, and I see the way in which this revolution shall be wrought out. Hope grows strong within me. Why there is not now a city in the land that has not its anti-slavery press. *Despair* for freedom in Faneuil Hall! Never! I will, for the instant, turn my face from you, that I may gather strength, from looking on that stern old puritan! [turning to the portrait of Samuel Adams.] So sure as there is a God in Heaven, shall his principles spread through the land. (Applause.)

This is the first time that I ever heard my own voice in Faneuil Hall. From my childhood, I have held its hallowed walls in highest reverence, and when I have before been asked to awaken their echoes, I have feared to do it. But the emergency makes me forget the diffidence I am not wont, on ordinary occasions, to feel, or ability, for I find voice and utterance for it now, at a moment of such peril to the commonwealth,—of such significance in the history of my country, and of the world, I would I had a mouth in every member of my frame,—I would I were all over speech and language, that I might arouse my fellow-citizens to the urgent claims of this momentous hour. (Continued and enthusiastic applause.) Mr. Parker was followed by Mr. Remond, in a speech of so much power, that it fairly conquered the vulgar prejudices of the vulgar part of the audience.

From the Boston Sun.

"OUR SUFFERINGS IS INTOLERABLE."

The pro-slavery minority of the New Hampshire Legislature have still in watchful care and keeping, as in the days of their majority, the old dragon of Slavery—and one of their jackals, or "lion's providers," has put forward in the House the following feeler, in the form of a resolution, as thus reported:

"Mr. Butterfield presented a resolution to the effect that the efforts of the Abolitionists to induce Congress to abolish Slavery in the District of Columbia *was* calculated to endanger the happiness of the people and the stability of the Union.

On motion of Mr. Ayer, it was referred to the select committee having in charge the Texas resolution."

These "efforts to *induce*" people must be terribly alarming! It is probably a sort of "*enticing* with a pitchfork," or it would not so "endanger the happiness of the people, and the stability of the Union." If half as bad as they tell for, we should think these efforts was really "against all rule and most ungrammatical." It is lucky that such champions of the people's rights "get wind of the thing" so seasonably—and that the "motion" of the "*Ayer*" may tend so effectually to purify the political atmosphere.

Communications.

Letter from William Marriott.

WAKEFIELD COTTAGE, 6th month 1st, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—The cause of truth and of suffering humanity requires that we should "gather up the fragments, that nothing may be lost," and the number of those whose sympathies are awakening and leading them to a more just appreciation of the Anti-Slavery enterprise, being continually on the increase, it has been seen that these will indulge a desire to look at the state of our Yearly Meeting.

As a prelude to a general view of its late transactions, it may be safely said, that, regarded either in their moral or religious bearings, every sincere and devoted Abolitionist will find abundant reason for gratulation and encouragement.

Its opening session was remarkable for the large number in attendance, and for its general aspect of plainness and solidity. The bone and the sinew of the society were there, evincing an earnest that something more than the repetition of lifeless forms had drawn them together, and that the silence of the solemn assembly would not be the silence of death.

Several valuable ministers from the State of New-York, were present, and it was edifying to hear them define their position at an early stage, and to blow a bugle-blast of no uncertain sound. It brought up the days of my boyhood, when such devoted servants of the living God, as David Sands, and Elias Hicks, were accustomed to pour into the open ear of the delighted listener, those precious truths, which, falling from the lip of inspiration, like dew-drops of the morning, glistened in the pathway of Christian duty. It was, indeed, refreshing to see and to feel the sweet realization of that hope and confidence which some of us have so fondly cherished, that, within the circle of that Yearly Meeting, there are many devoted spirits, who are willing to be taught in the school of Christ, and who, as obedient children, are looking with a steady eye, to that which was of old "a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night." These are the salt, and these will yet prove the saviours of the society.

The reading of the minutes of the previous Yearly Meeting, and the re-appointment of the Clerks, supplied an opportunity for a free expression of sentiment, which was so full and so pertinent to the occasion, that it served as an instructive lesson to the officials in particular, and to the unofficials in general.

The little volume on Peace and War, which has been recently published by that estimable and consistent Friend, John Jackson, was introduced to the notice of the meeting, and many faithful testimonies were born in its favor, and to the truths which it is designed to illustrate, although a few minds appeared to be groping with the moles and the bats, among the dusty parchment rolls of antiquity, and seemed, even at this day, to regard the annexation spirit, and the sanguinary feuds of the semi-barbarous and rebellious children of Israel as a holy record, well pleasing to the sight, and receiving the sacred sanction of an unchanging God.

The presentation of this subject indicated plainly the tone of feeling on the part of some, and it was surmised, that a concert of action with a few busy, leading spirits, in and near the city of New-York, was contemplated.

The answers to the queries were all read, and, after due discussion and deliberation, very satisfactory summaries were prepared. One of the weaknesses of the day appears to be a disposition among a number of our members to sleep at the hour of public worship, when we convene ostensibly, "to seek that spirit, in whose honor shrines are weak upreared of human hands," or "in solemn, reverential silence, muse his praise," and, to this weakness, may we not ascribe that insensibility of some to the sufferings of the peeled bondman. The subject of war was frequently before us, and the present gloomy prospects of our country were feelingly portrayed, and were laid, as of right they ought to be, at the door of Slavery.

The ballot-box was not forgotten, and this question appeals, with peculiar emphasis, at this moment, to every member of the society, that it may be examined with an earnest scrutiny, to see whether its continued use by our members is not an ingenious substitute for the cartridge-box and the bayonet,—whether we are not unconsciously seduced by it into an efficient and unnecessary support of a Government, established and sustained by the sword.

Many members of the religious Society of Friends, in this State, have been accustomed to vote, and to take an active part in elections, since the day of William Penn, at which period the Government was administered on pacific principles; but passing from their hands into hands which relied upon the sword as the ultima ratio legis,—the last resort of law,—the continued participation of the members in it has been, to individuals and to the society at large, a fruitful source of weakness, and the consequent loss of influence over those who rule the State.

Her moral standing, at this hour, is a melancholy comment upon what it was, when we compare that unrighteous Constitution, which her temporizing statesmen have prepared, and which her deluded people have adopted, with that noble instrument penned by the original proprietor.

How often has it grieved the spirit to hear the exercise of this right applauded and commended from our galleries, by some who are recommended as the anointed followers and ministers of the Prince of Peace; when I remember the sufferings which my maternal ancestor, Tripp Mosher, and other faithful friends, endured in the loathsome hold of the prison ship, during that bloody struggle, for their unflinching devotion to the cause of religious liberty, and their consequent abhorrence of the ballot-box, as well as the consistent and exemplary practice of that endeared relation of whom it has been truly said, that "his loss to the society is as great as it is to his connections."

The feeling and impressive remarks of John Jackson, on the beauty and the loveliness of peace, produced over this large assembly a stillness so profound that it cannot be described, and gave indubitable evidence that his exertions are duly appreciated in the cause of Christian progress.

The query on the distillation and use of spirituous liquors received its appropriate share of attention, and the general answers indicated an improvement, but the number is increasing of those who are not satisfied with any position short of total abstinence from every drink that intoxicates, hence the potations of the brew-house and of the cider-press, as sources of immense injury to our members, were not forgotten.

Were some of the ministers of our religious society to see all that is passing around us, they would not, nay, I am sure they could not, cling so pertinaciously to the skirts of Paul, when the mantle of Jesus offers a purer and a holier shield. His practice and his precepts were perfect, and we find that "the well of water" was, with Him, a favorite resort, and the most impressive simile which He used to illustrate the nature of His divine mission, is supplied by the fountain. Could these ministers be induced to visit the pot-houses in the suburbs of any city, and there to witness the waste of the scanty pennies of the poor for the products of the brew-house, instead of purchasing food and raiment to relieve the mourning mother and her destitute and suffering children, whom the Saviour loves, they would not, in the face of these facts, and in the presence of an enlightened audience, apologize for the use of these things.

The subject of Slavery, with that of Temperance, came up in a report from one of the Quarterly Meetings, was freely discussed, and after a full expression of sentiment it was concluded, with great unanimity, that it should be continued to our next annual meeting for such action, in a society capacity, as the wisdom of truth shall direct; and, in the meantime, it is earnestly recommended, that every member of the society should give the subject that serious and solemn consideration which its sinful nature demands, and should embrace every right opening to offer to the suffering slave and to the repentant slaveholder such sympathy and assistance as Christian love shall dictate. Steeped to the lips in this national iniquity, as a large majority of the dwellers in this land appear, and with the dark cloud of Slavery hanging, like a sounding-board, over the galleries of our meeting-houses, the mere appointment of a committee was felt to be insufficient means to meet the wants of the society, as in the nomination of a general committee, taken promiscuously out of so large an assembly, it not unfrequently occurs that some are called who are not chosen to the work, and upon this subject, of so much vital interest to the society at large, it is of the utmost importance that such a committee should be composed of those only whose minds are awakened, and who have a living exercise upon this subject. Hence the present position of this Yearly Meeting may be viewed as a standing committee of the whole, in which all are desired to labor for the current year, and at our next annual gathering each one may bring the fruits of his industry and compare the marks of progress. The free and full expression of sentiment, in brotherly condescension, and in Christian kindness, which has so eminently distinguished this meeting, and which has so nobly sustained the position of '28, that "God alone is the sovereign Lord of conscience, and that a difference of view is no breach of unity," gives a cheering earnest that a large majority of our members will not be satisfied with abstractions, and that such an act as a disownment from the society for conscience' sake, cannot, at this hour, be sanctioned or sustained; but "the price of liberty is eternal vigilance," and the only safeguard for the reputation of our religious society is to be found in our individual firmness, and consistent conduct.

The committee on the Indian natives, which was continued, presented a very interesting report, and while it was under consideration, I remembered that this cause was very dear to the heart of one who has gone from works to rewards, and the idea presented that perhaps his beatified spirit is looking down with complacency at the gratifying improvement which has resulted to this injured race, from the faithfulness of those whom he has left to carry out their plans of action, and whose honored names shall yet adorn one of the brightest pages of this society.

The epistles from the Yearly Meetings in correspondence with ours, were read, and a reply was addressed to each. That from Ohio was mislaid, and it was much regretted, as there are settlements of our colored countrymen in that State to whom the care and sympathy of friends would prove as acceptable and beneficial as that which has been extended to the poor Indian, and it was expected that they would be feelingly remembered. New-York supplied us with one which was good reading, and, when the pure and precious principles which it discussed so fluently were contrasted with some of the previous transactions of that body, a ray of hope was indulged that the day is not distant when practice and precept shall harmonize there. That from Baltimore was remarkable for beauty of style and elegance of diction, but we could not forget that the tears of the bondman, and the sorrowful sound of his chains were at its very doors, and the sufferings of poor Torrey were freshly remembered, as he lay "sick and in prison," a martyr to that liberty for which the generous Lafayette, like him, endured the dungeon of Olmutz. Supplying to the reflective mind a vivid remembrance, and to the feeling heart a lively sense, of the partial and perishable nature of that freedom which is won by the sword.

The epistle from Genesee was distinguished for its clear and simple exposition of Christian duty, and met a willing response in every tender breast. Its reading produced an impression which will have a salutary influence, and it was gratifying to perceive that our reply to the same was similar in its tone and feature.

The transmission of this rambling and imperfect sketch has been delayed, from the hope that some more powerful pen would illustrate its proceedings; and the apprehension that those who are strangers to our noiseless and peculiar mode of transacting business may be led to despond, is the inducement to send it. And in view of the present condition of the Anti-Slavery cause in this Yearly Meeting, may we not use this language of the poet: "Stillest streams oft water fairest meadows, and the bird that flutters least is longest on the wing." And while we are earnestly pleading for the rights of the sable sons and daughters of our land,—those native Americans on whom the sun of equal liberty has never shone,—may we not be unmindful of our duty to those beloved brethren and sisters, who appear as yet, to "see through a glass darkly," and who comprehend not with clearness the nature of those sublime principles, taught by the Immaculate Son of God, the happy effect of whose general diffusion is, "Peace on earth and good will to men." Thine for equal and impartial justice.

WILLIAM MARRIOTT.

Kidnapping Case.

CLEVELAND, June 5th, 1846.

MR. EDITOR:—You have doubtless seen accounts going the rounds of the newspapers of a case of kidnapping, by a so-styled gentleman of Cleveland; and it may not be uninteresting to know some of the circumstances of the case, as well as to learn public sentiment on this subject in this neighborhood. The circumstances of the case are as follows: Wm. Richardson, a resident of Cleveland, and holding an office under the city Government, hired a young colored man to drive a team, at the rate of fourteen dollars per month. He pretended to be an Abolitionist, and by so doing, got the confidence of the colored man, who it appears had been a slave, and got an admission from him that it was the case. The poor man, believing he had found a friend, related his story, giving all the particulars of his escape from Slavery. Soon after this, Richardson pretended to have business in the southern part of the State, and took the colored man along to drive for him. They went until they crossed into a slave State, when they were met by men who drew pistols, and threatened to take his life if he did not surrender himself as a slave. He of course gave himself up, and was immediately hand-cuffed, with irons that Richardson borrowed at this place, upon the pretence that he was going in pursuit of a horse-thief. And ere this time the poor fellow has felt the lash of the negro-driver. Richardson returned to this place last evening, and walked the streets to-day quite independently. He purchased a pair of pistols, and threatened to use them if any one should attempt to molest him. As soon as it was generally known that he was in town, hand-bills were posted all about town calling a meeting at the Court-House to-morrow evening. Richardson was arrested and held to bail in the sum of two thousand dollars, in default of which he was committed to jail, amid the shouts of an infuriated—I had almost said *mob*—but Cleveland has never disgraced herself by a mob. But certain it is, that nothing short of the jail could have prevented him from taking a coat of tar and feathers. Never have I seen such an excitement in Cleveland, and it was as much as could be done to keep him out of the hands of a mob. The town is awake, and a tide of indignation runs from the lips of every individual. There is not a dissenting voice in the whole town; and there was scarcely a man to be found that would dare brave public sentiment so much as to go his bail; and none was found that would be taken; and for want thereof, he was, as I above remarked, committed. No examination has as yet been had, and the above particulars are what is currently reported in this place, and from all the facts known are believed to be correct.

A meeting of the Common Council was held this evening, at which Richardson tendered his resignation, but it was not accepted. He was then turned out of his office, as I understand, by a unanimous vote. Thus you see how public sentiment stands in Northern Ohio.—Truly a change has taken place within a few years; and ere long Ohio will take a right stand on the subject of Slavery. As soon as an examination shall have taken place in the above case, I will forward you the full particulars, if anything of importance comes to light.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Letter from Wm. H. Willicott.

SYRACUSE, June 8th, 1846.

DEAR SIR:—I promised on leaving New York city to send you occasionally a letter from the future capital of the State, as the Syracusans term it, and really it is a very flourishing and enterprising village. Twenty-five years ago, and where the village of Syracuse now stands was a stagnant swamp, skirted with jungles and brakes, loading the rich earth with rank vegetation, and filling the air with fogs and miasma. But a magician passed this way, his name was FREE LABOR, and as he waved his wand, a village has arisen, larger and more beautiful than the slave-curst capital of the Old Dominion. How glad I am that Slavery does leave its damning effects on all nature, animate and inanimate; and how forcibly is the contrast seen between *free* labor and *chattel* labor, when we bring in juxtaposition the old capitals of the South, and the Lowells, the Rochesters, and Syracuses, of the North. The fruits of free labor are education, and wealth, intelligence and virtue, that of Slavery, is ignorance, and superstition, poverty and licentiousness; being only evil, and that continually, both to the oppressor and to the oppressed. There is a weekly paper published here, called the Liberty Intelligencer (organ of Liberty party). I have seen several numbers, and had I not been informed to the contrary, I should have thought it altogether neutral on the subject of chattel Slavery; for its articles on the Peculiar Institutions are like those in the pious New-York Evangelist; so written that they may be read both ways. Liberty party in this section is completely used up. I hear it spoken against on every side. I heard a gentleman say last evening that if there was a Liberty party man that was a *true Abolitionist* he would not be able to sleep nights, for he said they had done more to rivet the chains of the slave, than all other influences combined. Their leader, he said, had shamefully betrayed them; but, for his part, he could never vote again with any party. Mr. May, (a name familiar to every Abolitionist,) who resides here, true to the cause of Anti-Slavery, has been unmasking the vile conduct of this Government, in regard to this Mexican war. He has been showing it up in its true colors, as a war for the *express* purpose of *perpetuating* American chattel Slavery; and standing on the Anti-Slavery platform, he denounces all wars as murder by *wholesale*. This conduct has brought down on him the fierce ire of the war party, calling him tory, rebel, traitor, &c. He answers them by replying, better far be a traitor to a *Government* than a traitor to *humanity*. Mr. May is a priest of the order of Christ. In going to his church last evening I overtook a gentleman who asked me where I was going. I replied to Mr. May's church. So am I, he said; I come four miles, but I would go more to hear him, for he is a maker of public sentiment. He preaches just what he believes to be right, and don't care for anybody. But the majority of ministers are but the index of the public mind. Most of the churches here, as in New York-city, are pro-slavery to the very heart. The Rev. Dr. Adams is their leader; the same who once said, when invited to attend an abolition Convention in this village, "I would rather meet Abner Kneeland, the notorious Infidel, than Wm. Lloyd Garrison." Oh, truly may it be said of them,

"There is no flesh in their obdurate hearts,
They cannot feel for man."

You may have seen noticed by some of the papers the attempt of Miss Hitchcock, to organize a school among the Onondaga Indians. I went out to the Reservation last week, and visited the school, and was much pleased at what I saw. Miss Hitchcock told me she commenced her labors last winter under circumstances peculiarly trying. She had no books, and was also ignorant of their language; but she found the children very apt. They learn very quick, more so, she thought, than white children. Taking everything into account, they learn to form letters very quick. She showed me some specimens of pencil sketchings, which were very good. She said they were quite fond of drawing and singing. She has a class for men and women, also, which commences at five in the evening. She was hearing one man read when I went in. She said some of them are so anxious to learn that they will come in with the children when they have any spare time. I asked her if she was not afraid to live all alone along with the Indians. No, she said she was not afraid at all; for from the first moment she went there to the present time, she had been treated with the greatest kindness and respect. She then went on to tell me what induced her to go there This, she said, is their home, this was their fathers' hunting grounds, here they have lived, and here they have died, and notwithstanding the white man has taken all of their broad lands but these few miles, and have built a church where their former council-house stood, nothing had been done to better the condition of the poor Indian; therefore, as they were cast out on every side, as a thing of too little consequence to be cared for, I thought I would go and see if anything could be done for them, and the result has far exceeded my expectations. She said she was much annoyed by white people who for some years have been living on or around the Reservation, preying on the Indians. The Indians, now knowing she is their friend, refuse to make a bargain without consulting her, to know if it is right The school-house is six miles south of Syracuse. The Reservation is six miles by three; the number of Indians residing on it between three and four hundred. A book is kept at the school-house to enter the names of visitors, and I am sure none will come away without being pleased and delighted with their visit. Every friend of the oppressed will pray a thousand blessings on Miss Hitchcock. That she may have health and strength to go on in her praiseworthy undertaking, is the sincere wish of yours, in the cause of the oppressed.

WM. H. WILLICOTT.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1846.

Mr. Garrison's Mission to England.

Our readers will remember that we published some weeks since the invitation of the Glasgow Emancipation Society, to Mr. Garrison, to visit Great Britain. The Abolitionists of this country accepted the invitation in his behalf, at the New England Convention: and, as it will be seen by the following resolutions, passed at the last meeting of the Executive Committee, it is seconded by them, and he is appointed the representative abroad of the American Society.

Perhaps the first feeling of everybody will be, that at this crisis we cannot spare him. The time is a most critical one for our cause, and we can spare none of our laborers from the field, and least of all, the man who from the beginning has led the Anti-Slavery host. But we must remember that in sending him abroad we do not lose him. He only takes a new and more conspicuous position upon the field. What the cause now most of all needs is, that he, and the principles of which he is the chief representative, should be where they may be seen of all men. Widely as Mr. Garrison is known throughout the breadth and length of this land, and closely watched, and dreaded, as all he says and does is, by the defenders and upholders of Slavery, he will be more widely known, and more feared in the high position which he will assume in Great Britain, than if he were to remain at home. He will tell, as only he can tell it, to the British people, the low depth of wickedness and degradation to which this nation has sunk. He will arouse there a storm of moral indignation, at which the slaveocracy and its base defenders, and servile tools, will shrink in fear and trembling. His voice will be re-echoed across the Atlantic by the British press, and his words will be caught up, in reviling and in wrath it is true, but still caught up and repeated throughout the whole country, till the people shall feel that their hypocrisy and wickedness stand revealed before the world. Mr. Garrison could stand in no position so certain to influence the American people as before the people of Great Britain, and we are indulging in no extravagant assurance in feeling sure that he can do more, infinitely more, there, at this juncture, than at home. The blessings and prayers of thousands shall go with him, and may the God of the oppressed hold him in the hollow of his hand.

But we must have funds. It is not right that the expenses of this mission should be borne—as almost all our burdens are, though so cheerfully—by a few.—The appeal we feel sure will not be made in vain. A little from the thousands who ought to be, and we cannot doubt are, glad to give of their abundance, or of their frugality, can in a week provide ample means. We owe it to ourselves, and to the cause, that there shall be no hesitation. We owe it to Mr. Garrison that he shall go by the unanimous wish, and the combined assistance of his friends everywhere. Be prompt, then. Send in your money, either to Mr. Jackson, or to the editor of this paper, or to J. M. McKim, Philadelphia, as may be most convenient. Let every man and every woman who reads these words send at least a dollar,—and as much more as you please—and in a week's time we can report enough to pay the whole expenses of the mission. We shall open at once in this paper a contribution list for the English mission.

The following are the resolutions of the Executive Committee:

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, held in Boston, on Thursday, June 11th, 1846, the following preamble and resolutions, respecting the contemplated mission of Mr. Garrison to England, were unanimously adopted:—

Whereas, a communication has been received from the "Glasgow Emancipation Society," in behalf of the Abolitionists of Scotland, earnestly inviting our honored friend, WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, to visit that country on an Anti-Slavery mission.

And whereas, the great body of American Abolitionists, assembled in the New England Convention, in Faneuil Hall, have concurred in opinion with our beloved Scottish and English friends, that such a mission would be, at this crisis, a most effectual instrumentality in the prosecution of the cause; therefore,

Resolved, That it is, in our judgment, highly advisable and desirable that Mr. GARRISON should accept the invitation, and that he be, and is hereby constituted the representative of the American Anti-Slavery Society, for the fulfilment of the mission.

Resolved, That a special subscription be opened by the Treasurer of the Society, FRANCIS JACKSON, for the furtherance of the mission.

FRANCIS JACKSON,
WENDELL PHILLIPS,
MARIA W. CHAPMAN,
EDMUND QUINCY,
CHARLES LENOX REMOND,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,
WM. HENRY CHANNING,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,
SARAH PUGH,
SYDNEY HOWARD GAY,
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,
} *Ex Com.*

☞ Friends of the cause, disposed to contribute to the above fund, will please address FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, Boston, per mail. An immediate notice of this is urgently requested, as Mr. GARRISON'S final decision may depend much on the degree of interest felt by the friends in the matter.

FRANCIS JACKSON.

BOSTON, June 12th, 1846.

Rev. Dr. Olin—The World's Convention—and the Wesleyans.

It has been stated that the Rev. Dr. Olin, President of the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, has been induced to accept an appointment, as delegate of the New England Conference, to the World's Convention in August. We have spoken heretofore of the pro-slavery character of some of the other denominations to this Convention with whom Orange Scott is to strike hands in Christian fellowship, and we wish now to give that of the Reverend Dr. Olin. This is a case to which we call the particular attention of the "True Wesleyan." That paper seems careful to avoid any controversy with us on this subject, but we, nevertheless, trust that our articles may conduce to its spiritual good; at any rate, we think they will not be without their effect upon such Wesleyans as may see them, out of the "True Wesleyan" office, and may be some little help to them in opening their eyes to the course pursued by their leaders. We wish, however, to be understood, as we have often repeated, as indulging in no hostile feeling towards the Wesleyans as such; but as their organ is careful to keep from them, so far as it is concerned, all knowledge of the character of the Convention in which they are to be represented, we mean, so far as it lies in our power, to expose the position in which their leaders are about to place them. The subject may not be an interesting one to all our readers, but we should be wanting in our duty to the cause if we permitted a movement so important as this to pass unnoticed, and to which a Church, professing to be composed entirely of Abolitionists, is about to commit itself.

Dr. Olin was a member of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which met in this city two years ago, and which decided the cases of Mr. Harding and Bishop Andrew. In a speech made by him in that Conference, and reported by Luther Lee himself, the editor of the "True Wesleyan," he said:

"The Conference cannot, ought not, to infringe upon the rights and immunities of the ministers of any part of the work. If we touch the rights of the South, we shall soon see a disunion. Some may doubt that they have a right to hold slaves, *but I do not.* Those who doubt that members and ministers in the South have a right to hold slaves by the Constitution of the Church may be very good men, *but they are bad Methodists.* If I believed as they do I would reform the Church, and if I could not do that within a reasonable time, I would do as some of our friends have, secede, and join some other church, or organize a new one to suit myself. *I do not believe slaveholding is a disqualification for a Bishop,* and I will never give such a vote. If I have ever seen men possessing the qualifications of a Christian minister, the piety, and zeal, and love, and temper, and devotedness of a Christian minister, it has been among slaveholders(!!) I WAS A SLAVEHOLDER AND MINISTER MYSELF, and had I been for the fact that the climate did not agree with I SHOULD DOUBTLESS HAVE BEEN A SLAVEHOLDER st It would not be *good policy* to pass a vote to exc slaveholders from the ministry in future; it would be for the good of the master or the slave."

Mr. Crandall, of the New England Conference, in r to Dr. Olin, said, he understood him to say "that t who held that Southern preachers have no right to slaves, were not fit to belong to the Church."

"Dr Olin explained by saying that he had sai[illegible] orth this. He said they might be very good men, *bad Methodists;* by which he meant no more than however good they might be in heart, for he did not[illegible] their good intentions, they were, in that thing, o[illegible] METHODIST PLATFORM."

Now here is a man wh[illegible] not stealing; that adultery [illegible] the light of the Gospel to b[illegible] an offence against God; that [illegible] from acquiring the first rudiments of [illegible] uncnabristian act; that in short he who h[illegible] ther man as a slave, and deprives him deliberate[illegible] willfully, from the cradle to the grave, of all the [illegible] with which God endowed him, and makes him [illegible] chattel personal, subject to the caprices of his [illegible] to the play of his passions, to the accidents of his [illegible] enmstances, and denies to him the power of develo[illegible] his own nature, of asserting his own manhood, [illegible] makes him, so far as a human being can be made, a brute beast, that even such men may possess, and in eminent degree do possess, the piety, the zeal, the temper, the devotedness, and all the qualities which should peculiarly characterize a Christian m[illegible] ter! But no wonder that he feels all this. The [illegible] has been himself a slaveholder. Indeed, it is no[illegible] accidental that he is not a slaveholder now. He [illegible] heart. He feels now the same contempt for the [illegible] of his fellow-man, and is as ready to trample [illegible] his feet to compass his own selfish ends, as wh[illegible] walked in his fields at the South among h[illegible] bade his overseers ply the whip that he might [illegible] the reluctant toil of the negro the means of his own [illegible] ury; or when he tore the young child from the bosom its mother, or the wife from the arms of her husban sell them to some more brutal slave-driver, when services were no longer needed by himself. It wa cause the mother Church held in her embrace such as these, and refused to brand their sin, as the great good founders of the Church had done, as "the s all villainies," that the Wesleyans obeyed the injun "Come out of her my people," and shook off the from their feet at her gates.

Turn now to the London Convention. Here s Olin and Orange Scott, side by side. They have here as Christian brethren. They strike hands in h fellowship. They break of the same bread, and drink the same wine cup. All distinction is lost between They are both there as the representatives of the rican Church—the slaveholding church that draw garments tight around her lest they be soiled by the of the bleeding slave that lies in her path. Upon of Popery now they open in full cry. They will te brethren of Great Britain of the power and influence man of Rome in the New World; that his emissa scattering themselves everywhere over the Western nent; that they burned some bibles once in Canada pious Christians gave to hungering souls; that the priests are prowling like wolves among the people the subtle influence of the "Mother of Harlots" i meating everywhere among even the elect; and the count the churches, and name the number of the vents to the Catholic faith in the Valley of the M sippi. But will they tell the number of slaves th there? Will they read from the statute books Southern States the laws by which the Protestants guarded against the necessity of burning Bibles bidding the people to read them? Will they te story of that foolish man in New Orleans, who w gaigned before a court of justice because, in his igno of his duty as a Protestant missionary, he had offe Bible to a colored man? Will they tell that ass that in the Catholic cathedrals of the South the and his master kneel side by side at the altar, while Northern churches which are represented there, th lored man is held too low and vile to come to any than a "a second table" of the Lord, or to sit i other than a "Jim Crow" pew? And will the their English brethren that they have left three mi of slaves at home, and that the Church has turned ear to the voice of their wailing, and turned awa eyes from the sight of her tears?

Orange Scott has said perhaps he "*may*" do this even if he should do then what he now seems to come from Dr. Olin, and many another: "I have and am ready again to be a slaveholder. If you d this to be a sin in me, you had no right to take you here by my side. By meeting me here you recogni as a Christian both here and at home; and it is a b of the faith which, by coming here, we have pledg each other, that on those points on which we di we will agree to differ. You may be a good and s man,—though you do not prove it by being here you are a bad member of this Convention, for yo off the platform. This is no place to talk of the s leave that question to be settled between us on the side of the Atlantic. Here we have other business- we have the great interests of the Protestant Chu attend to. We are here as Christian brethren. like me, are here as a representative of the Amer Church, whatever she may be; but if you believe ir sions which you have promulgated, you had no rig ake a seat among us, inasmuch as you are not the views of American Church." And would he not be well answ ed Would not Orange Scott, or any other represen tive of a church professing that it holds no fellows with slaveholders, sink abashed and rebuked into seat at its own hypocrisy?

What say you, Wesleyans? Will you send a dele to a Convention in which the Northern pro-sla Church of the United States is recognized as a Chris Church?

Fighting Parsons.

The war on Mexico appears to be very popular an the Southern clergy, and we must confess to a grea spect for the reverend Captains who honestly act u their faith by seizing the sword, which the clergy o North bless in other hands. The law of this State empts ministers of the Gospel from military duty, an entire body of divinity, so far as we have heard, availed themselves of the legal exemption from a which, as leaders of the people, they should be the to fulfil. Men, like Dr. Cheever, who go to the Old tament in search of proof to show the righteousne hanging, should also find there sufficient evidence o lawfulness of priestly fighting. God old Joshua, Samuel, and David, and Moses, surely ought to them of their obligations to lend arms in the cau their country. How can they, with any show of co tency, refuse to volunteer for the campaign in Mex We have been in daily expectation of seeing an nouncement, that the Rev. Dr. Cheever, or his col coadjutor, Professor Taylor, had opened a recru office in one of the up-town churches. It ill bec such lovers of law and authority to skulk under a exemption from a sacred duty. The only Friar T that we have yet heard of, have been Southern cl men of the Methodist persuasion. The Rev Mr. Ste of the Mississippi Conference, has succeeded in rais company, and is probably now at Matamoros, and we probably see 'em gazetted one of these days as Brig General the Rev. Parson Stewart, D. D. Another Methodist clergyman, in Alabama, has volunteered fer; and one of the volunteer chaplains, now in M moros, has sent to his brethren for a fresh supp Bibles and tracts, to distribute among the conq Mexicans. This is all bones and consistent and respect these clerical [illegible] for this [illegible]

course they have no thoughts of revelling in the halls of the Montezumas, for any ind[redacted] in profane singing, or a clerical carouse, m[redacted]m to trial by an ecclesiastical c[redacted] of conduct. But while the [redacted]ose halls," our fri[redacted]porary cessation from [redacted]ze essays, on the immorali[redacted]ract Society's premium.

Opposition to Anti-Slavery.

Our readers need not be told that there is considerable opposition among the pious and well-informed portion of our citizens to abolitionism; but we doubt whether those who have not taken the pains to investigate for themselves, have any idea of the causes of it. It would seem, at the first thought, that all who are not in favor of Slavery are opposed to it. But such is not the fact. There are a good many excellent people who are equally opposed to Slavery and Anti-Slavery. The pious lady who gave as a reason for opposing the Anti-Slavery movement, that she hated negroes because they were so black, gave a good, tangible reason that can be taken hold of and squabashed very easily; as for instance,—Madam, you are mistaken; you do not hate the negroes because they are so black, you hate them because you are lacking in humanity, and love of truth. So far from hating black, it is a tint of which you are particularly fond, else, why do you wear a black dress, black shoes, black stockings, black gloves, and even a black veil over your handsome face. Why, Madam, you do your best to make yourself look blacker than any Ethiopian. But when a friend tells you that he is opposed to anti-slavery because he thinks there are already too many *isms* in the world, he completely deprives you of the power to reply. You agree with him as to the *isms*, though you may differ in your conclusions. Presbyterianism, and Methodism, and Calvinism, and conservatism, and baptism, and Polkism, and despotism, to say nothing of rheumatism, are all *isms* that you would gladly put out of the way. But you see no reason why so many disagreeable isms should banish another ism, abolitionism, which concentrates and beautifies the light of truth and righteousness as a prism does the light of day. Another friend, when appealed to, refuses his aid in our cause because he thinks Garrison too ultra, as if justice and godliness were not the most ultra of all ultraisms. Another is opposed to meddling in other people's business. Another, who is of the legal profession, informs you with a sagacious nod of the head, and in a peculiarly grave voice, that he thinks we are solemnly bound to preserve inviolate the compact of our revolutionary fathers. Another pronounces the whole set of reformers a pack of crazy fanatics, and consigns us all to the insane asylums, without any exceptions. Another has a sensitive horror of bloodshed, and has no doubt, that the slaves, if freed, would immediately cut everybody's throat. Another says, don't talk to me about Anti-Slavery, look at St. Domingo; and another says, look at home, and mind your own business. Another, with a compassionate whine, tells you he has seen too much degradation among the blacks at the North, to wish for their freedom at the South. In fact, it would be an easy matter to fill up an entire paper with a bare catalogue of reasons for withholding aid from the cause of Anti-Slavery, by those who are opposed to Slavery. The ultraism of Mr. Garrison is sufficient apology in their eyes for keeping three millions of fellow-beings in a degraded and suffering condition; and our revolutionary fathers, having temporized with their consciences, and committed a great sin, binds us to persevere in wrong-doing. But so far from these numberless excuses acting as a hinderance to our exertions in the cause of freedom, a knowledge of them, which shows the flimsiness of the opposition which we must encounter, will but stimulate us to renewed effort. It would be a shame and a disgrace to relax in a cause whose opponents have hardly the substance of shadows. If any reader of the Anti-Slavery Standard would labor effectually in our cause, and gather a host as he labors, let him endeavor, in the circle of his acquaintance, to gain a subscriber to our paper, and if he should not succeed, he will have the satisfaction of earning that even the arch-enemy of all good cannot invent a plausible reason for opposing the cause of abolitionism.

Clerical Fondness for Inflicting Punishment.

The London Times, of May 13th, in enumerating several cases of illegal sentences by reverend Magistrates, says: "It has always been remarkable how much inclined to severity the clergy are when upon the bench; and yet their own body furnishes more instances of the grosser crimes than any other profession." One of the cases of clerical cruelty detailed by the Times, was that of a pauper, aged seventy-five years, who was sentenced to the tread-mill for twenty-one days, by the Rev. R. Acworth, for refusing to work at a work-house pump. But the prisoner died in less than a week after he was committed. God be praised, we have no clerical magistrates in this country. The people, with a marvellously clear instinct, are afraid to trust them; we believe that no clergyman is allowed to hold a civil office in any state of the Union. But now and then a reverend gentleman creeps into Congress from the West. We remember hearing a Baptist clergyman in Congress once make a tremendous speech, against a proposition to abolish the whisky ration in the army and navy, on the avowed ground that his constituents were extensively engaged in raising grain for distillation, and their interests would be prejudiced by such a measure. Dr. Cheever may have some rope-makers among his parishioners which stimulates his zeal in favor of hanging.

Captain Cassius Marcellus Clay!!

It is with no ordinary feelings of regret that we prefix the above title to the name of C. M. Clay. No man has received more praise for his steadfast adherence to principle; no man has accomplished more for the Anti-Slavery cause in so short a time, because he seemed honest and sincere; and no man has denounced, in stronger terms, the Texan iniquity, and the war into which it has led us. He is now at the head of a company, on his way to Mexico, to fight the battles of Slavery! But we forbear further comment till we have, from his own pen, the reasons for the step he has taken.

Another Prisoner.

Torrey is scarcely hid away in his grave before another victim is seized by the insatiable Moloch which demands the sacrifice of what little humanity and love of liberty there is in the people. The only particulars we have learned we find in the following paragraph in an exchange paper:

ENTICING AWAY SLAVES.—A man named Joseph Whitmore, was recently tried in Perry county, Missouri, for endeavoring to entice away the slaves of a Mr. Lowe, and induce them to flee to Canada. Whitmore was employed for Logan as a shoemaker. Negroes were employed in the same shop, and he represented to them that he had placed himself within hearing himself and another with another witness and Whitmore, and conversation between the negroes, convicted and sentenced their evidence the latter was judge stated that had he two years imprisonment. The [illegible] an innocent man, he should ren a young and probably [illegible] for ten years. sentenced him for five

To Correspondents.

W. W. B.'s. excellent letter was not rec[illegible]n for this week's paper. It shall appear in [illegible] next. We will thank him to forward again the names of the persons whose accounts are wanted, as the letter containing them is mislaid. A. K. F. shall hear from us soon. Her new address shall not be forgotten. Many thanks to G. B. for her letter, and the valuable facts she sends. We will make good use of them, and reply to her letter speedily. T. McC. will have received a package from us ere this, from which we hope to hear a good account. M. shall appear next week, but for the life of us we do not know what he would be at. P. A. C. will pardon our seeming neglect. We are not forgetful, but very busy. Our first leisure hour is promised to J. W. We thank him most heartily now for acceding to our wishes. C. C. B. is informed that his [illegible] shall not be overlooked or [illegible] to, but in the hurry of preparing to leave town suddenly, it was forgotten. The book shall be sent now if not too late, and he will forward the address. Our Boston correspondent may be assured that the mistake he referred to shall not occur again. His request, as he will observe, is complied with.

We cut the following deserved tribute from the Non-Slaveholder:

THE LATE DANIEL NEALL.—We felt in common with our Anti-Slavery friends the loss our community sustained in the removal of this valuable coadjutor in the cause of the oppressed. In none of the obituaries we have read of him has his worth been over-rated. On the contrary, they were characterized, as we thought, by that careful truthfulness which distinguished the individual to whom they referred. To our minds, few persons united to so warm a heart a more tranquil judgment. In the midst of the most exciting scenes, he was not stoically, but considerately and firmly serene. No man's mind was better balanced to meet an emergency of good or evil. When right demanded he was unyielding in its support. His calm counsel and steady purpose were felt when he was present; when absent, they were sought. His exemplary industry afforded him the means of a large liberality. His house gave shelter to the slave, and hospitality to the slave's friend. This hospitality was not at the cost of the slave's toil. His beneficence was not bounded by caste or color, but it embraced the whole poor, as well as the poorest of the poor. He is gone! Where is the receiver of his mantle? His departure was on the 15th of Fourth-month, last, in the sixty-third year of his age.

Anti-War Meeting at Syracuse.

Samuel J. May, and ninety-three others, have called a public meeting in Syracuse, on the 18th instant, to bear their testimony against this Mexican war. We augur a good meeting from the fact that one called there a few days since, in favor of the war, broke up in confusion on the presentation of a resolution that the working-men stand back and give to the Tyler land-jobbers, and the lovers of Slavery, a chance to show their patriotism by brave deeds, rather than brave words.

The Oregon Question Settled.

We are happy to announce to our readers that the Oregon question is settled, probably at the 49th degree. We presume, however, nobody will be surprised at this who understands, as all Abolitionists do, that our slavocratic masters are as cowardly as they are otherwise base, and had no intention of involving us in a war where there was everything to lose, and nothing to gain for Slavery.

GOOD NEWS FROM CONNECTICUT.—The Legislature of Connecticut, now in session at New Haven, have taken a course with which we are the more gratified as it is unexpected. A Committee of the House reported a resolution that the word "white" be stricken out of the Constitution, which was adopted by a vote of 111 to 63. This action originated in a remonstrance against the treatment which petitions on this subject have heretofore received.

From our Boston Correspondent.

New England Convention.—Its picturesque effect.—Physique of the Abolitionists.—"Eloquence dog-cheap in the Anti-Slavery Meeting"—and why.—Effect of Convention.—Attempt for an Anti-War Meeting defeated by "Our First Men."—Pamphlet of that name.—Mr. Garrison's proposed visit to England.

BOSTON, June 12th, 1846.

It is a thousand pities that you could not be at the New England Convention. Though you have often attended them, you would have seen a new phase of the cause at this one. There are no meetings in the country that compare for interest with ours, after all. And this is acknowledged by the witness of the mixed crowds that throng them. Nothing in story or on canvas can surpass the picturesque effect of an Anti-Slavery audience, as looked in the face from the platform in Faneuil Hall.—The earnest purpose, and intelligent resolution that breathes from the countenances of the compact body of Abolitionists in the centre, the impassioned calmness (to use an apparent solecism) of the speakers as they deliver their testimony amid contending cheers and hootings, the varying faces of the multitude in the galleries, and on the outskirts of the meeting, as they are alternately roused to wrath by the determined plainness of speech of the orators, or are carried away, in their own despite, by their power, all harmonized and relieved by the shadows and the associations of the world-famous old hall, make up a picture worthy of a master of the palette and the brush. It may be that the time will come when genius will endeavor to recall and fix on canvas a fleeting moment of a long-vanished hour; and when Garrison, pleading the cause of the American slave in Faneuil Hall, will be thought a higher subject for art than Knox, preaching the Reformation before the unwilling Queen of Scots.

One thing that I think must strike an impartial observer, as he surveys an Anti-Slavery audience, is the *good-looking-ness* of its members. It is a melancholy fact that the American people are an ugly generation; and in mixed assemblies it is strange to see how few well-looking persons diversify the general mass of *homeliness*. Whether this arises from any peculiarity of national character, or habits, is a question I will not now enter upon;—though there is a great deal to be said on it. But an Anti-Slavery assembly certainly forms an exception to the general rule; and without flattery it may be affirmed, that nowhere else do you see such a proportion of handsome men and women, as in the body that forms the nucleus of an Anti-Slavery gathering. Where there is a want of positive beauty of feature, there is an air of true refinement and intelligence that redeems the face from the charge of vulgar ugliness. The marked, distinctive style of the faces, which would strike even a casual observer, is, as might be expected, an air of *determined resoluteness*, indicative of minds made up to the conflict and all its issues.

Whether the good *looks* of the Abolitionists be, or be not, owing to the character of mind that makes them such, it is perfectly clear that their good *speaking* has that origin and no other. Ralph Waldo Emerson is no mean authority for the truth that "eloquence is dog-cheap in the Anti-Slavery meetings." There are gentlemen, and not a few, who have no particular sympathy with us in our doings, who attend our meetings from end to end, as they would go to a play, simply to gratify their taste for public speaking. And it is a necessity that the Abolitionists should be the best speakers in the country. And this, not because their natural gifts are necessarily greater than the orators of the parties and the sects, but because they are free from the trammels of party and sect. A political or a pulpit orator, (unless purged by the ostracism of their old associates,) is obliged to regard every word and every idea that rises to his lips in the light of his party or his sect, and consider whether or not it may injure either the one or the other. And this is fatal to all true eloquence. The utmost success of such an orator is that of the gymnic that has learned to dance in fetters. The Abolitionist is the only man in this free land that can yield himself to the impulse of the divine *afflatus*, and permit his breathing thoughts to clothe themselves in burning words as they come hot from his heart and brain. This is the essence of true eloquence. The result differs in each case by the difference of natural and acquired endowments, but this is the animating principle. The coinage of the brain will be of weight and value according to the character of the die and the quality of the metal, but it is the image and superscription of nature that stamps it as genuine, and distinguishes it from the counterfeits of various alloys, that are current in the world.

The preceding Convention attracted more general attention, or produced a more wholesome agitation in the community. Such electric shocks, though not well-pleasing to the patient, are the only cure, if cure there yet can be, for the deadly palsy that is stealing over it. The fidelity with which Governor Briggs was dealt with, as mentioned in your last paper, induced that edict of the powers that be, which shut Faneuil Hall in our face, and gave the world to know of the existence of Mr. Alderman JONATHAN PRESTON. But the moral effect on the public was far greater than we could have produced by the most successful meeting.

[illegible] Hall has been ordered to get up a meeting of citizens in Faneuil Hall, to protest against the Mexican war. As the Abolitionists have had experience enough of the uselessness of holding Anti-Slavery meetings—called, officered, and addressed, by Abolitionists,—and christening them meetings of citizens, it was thought best to have it called, in part at least, by persons not identified with the movement, if possible. Several gentlemen of this description, among whom it may not be improper to specify Charles Sumner, Esq. made earnest and serious efforts to accomplish this object. But, thus far, in vain. The voice of State street was uttered emphatically by him who is its incarnation of the almighty dollar that it worships, and the oracle declared substantially, "that though the war was a terrible thing, still a meeting to protest against it might have *bad results!*" And so signatures could not be obtained, and the meeting fell through! A meeting of this sort, to be useful, must be *in fact* a general one. The imitations of public meetings which Abolitionists have in times past attempted, have never deceived anybody into believing them anything other than Anti-Slavery meetings; and they have often done mischief by the countenance and prominence given by them to the leaders of the third party.

Apropos to "our first men." A publication with this title has been lately published, professing to give an account of the "breed, seed, and generation," of all in Boston worth more than a hundred thousand dollars. It is chiefly marked by ill-nature, and an attempt to say clever things. It is very incorrect in its details, and has not wit enough to make it keep long. It was generally believed for some days, from a statement of the Transcript, that it was written by Mr. HILDRETH, author of Archy Moore. I am happy to hear that he has publicly disavowed the authorship. It has had a great sale, but no pecuniary profit can compensate for the injury it must do to the character of the writer, as a man and a gentleman, if he have any pretensions to such an one.

The Anti-Slavery world is just now discussing the *pros* and *cons* of Mr. Garrison's possible visit to Great Britain, in compliance with the invitation of the Scotch Abolitionists. I think the general feeling is strongly in favor of his going. His health would unquestionably be benefited by the excursion, and he would not be withdrawn from the field for a much longer time than he is obliged to retire from it every summer to recruit his strength. His letters to the Liberator would make it certainly as interesting as it could be made for the same period, if he were in retirement in this country. And the benefit he could do the cause, in consolidating the Anti-Slavery strength of the British Islands, and helping to give it its most effectual direction, would be beyond calculation. The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society have expressed their wish that he should go, and have appointed him their representative. A call will be immediately issued, inviting all persons who feel the importance of this mission, to express their sense of it by words and by contributions towards its necessary expenses. Let no one think his sympathy of no weight, or his mite too small to be offered. Mr. Garrison wishes to go, if at all, at the instance of the great mass of the American Abolitionists. Let him know by substantial, if small, proofs that their hearts are in this matter. D. Y.

Recent Publications.

Poems by Thomas Hood. Wiley & Putnam.

These poems were published by Hood's widow, in obedience to his dying request. They are called his serious poems, but for no good reason, all his poetry being serious beyond that of any other poet of his time. There is much in his poetry to excite a smile, but more to compel a tear. The chief pieces in this collection we could repeat by heart nearly twenty years ago, and they have remained impressed upon our heart ever since. 'Tis a strange comment upon popular taste, that the best of these poems should have remained almost unknown for so long a period, and that their author should have been regarded as little more than a punster. It is still more remarkable that, a few months only before his death, he should be honored by a pension of one hundred pounds, while Alfred Tennyson should, at the same time, have double the amount bestowed upon him. It would be an idle waste of our own and the readers' time to attempt a review of poems which are becoming so universally familiar and so widely criticized. In justice to the publishers, however, we must say that they are printed in a beautiful manner, and form a volume of great elegance.

Chronicles of Cloonnook; with some account of the Hermit of Bellyfulle, by Douglas Jerrold. Harper & Brothers. 1846.

Douglas Jerrold is the corypheus of a new order of litterateurs, who are producing a revolution in the mind of England more marked than any the lost tribes of authors have been able to effect. Walter Scott and his imitators aimed no higher than to amuse, but Douglas Jerrold and his tribe aim at reform and amusement. The Hermit Bellyfulle is one of his most characteristic efforts, and is really worth the trouble of perusal; the price put upon it by the publishers is too trifling to be taken into the account.

Emilia Wyndham. By the author of Mount Soul, &c. Harper & Brothers.

Wandering Jew, No. 13. Illustrated edition. Harper & Brothers.

Political History of England, No. 2. Harper & Brothers.

Harpers' Illuminated and Illustrated Shakspeare. Nos. 81 & 82, containing part of Antony and Cleopatra.

The delightful sketch of Kenney Meadows scattered profusely through this edition of Shakspeare, render it one of the most valuable editions published for the mere reader.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Ten days later from Europe—Arrival of the Great Western.

The steamship Great Western arrived at this port on Monday last, with dates to the 30th ultimo. The news is not important.

Queen Victoria has another baby—a girl—making the fifth royal pauper that she has presented to her subjects.

The war news from this country reached England just before the Great Western sailed. Cotton had risen in consequence, but the effect upon the public press was not yet apparent, though great excitement was created in London and Liverpool.

The accounts of famine in Ireland are still deplorable. The hopes, however, of a good potato crop this season are sanguine.

The Corn bill has passed its second reading in the House of Lords. There is no doubt felt of its ultimate passage.

It is rumored that the royal family of France propose to visit the Queen sometime during the summer.

Prince Louis Bonaparte has escaped from his imprisonment in the fortress of Ham, in the disguise of a workman. He had arrived in London, and was making preparations to join his father, at Florence.

Frederick Douglass is delivering lectures in London. "He has been"—says Wilmer & Smith's Times, with the sneer which we must expect from a paper deriving its support from American patronage,—"enlightening the Cockneys about what he calls the horrors of American Slavery," at Finsbury Chapel, Moorsfields. It was suggested at this meeting, that as Douglass could not return to this country without fear of being captured, that an effort be made to bring his family to him in England. Mr. Sturge, and Mr. G. W. Alexander subscribed twenty pounds on the spot, and several other persons smaller sums for this purpose. We trust that Frederick Douglass will have manliness and self-denial enough to reject such overtures. His race and his country need him here, and we hope that no temptation of personal ease and comfort will induce him to forsake them permanently.

There is nothing of any interest from the Continent except some rumors of another struggle to be made for liberty in Italy.

Later from Mexico.

Dates have been received from Vera Cruz to the 25th ultimo., and the official report of the Mexican General of the battle of Palo Alto is given. He represents his force to have been only about 3,000, and much inferior to that of the United Stateseis in artillery. That of Gen. Taylor it is known amounted to near 2,900 men, and his loss, especially of officers, in the battle was severe. We see no reason to doubt the Mexican account of their own forces, especially as they make no attempt at deception as to the number of killed and wounded. Both sides now agree that there were about 350. This is a very different story from that first received with so much joy and gasconading, that the Mexican army far outnumbered that of Gen. Taylor, and that some 1,200 or 1,500 were killed, wounded, and taken captives.

From the Pensacola Gazette, June 6.

Affairs on the Rio Grande.

The U. S. steamer Mississippi, Capt. Fitzhugh, arrived at Pensacola on Thursday last.

She brings as passengers Dr. Wood, U. S. N. bearer of important dispatches from Com. Sloat, commanding officer of the naval forces on the Pacific, J. Parrott, U. S. Consul at Mazatlan, Mr. Diamond, U. S. Consul at Vera Cruz, and seven other Americans from Mexico.

Vera Cruz was blockaded by the U. S. ships Raritan and Falmouth, and brig Somers.

The St. Marys is off Tampico.

The American bark Eugenia, Capt. Briscoe, from New-York, belonging to P. A. Hargous, evaded the blockade, though pursued by the boats of our men-of war, and got into Vera Cruz.

All the other American vessels had left the port of Vera Cruz.

We learn that the Mexicans had declared against Paredes.

An English fleet, of fourteen ships, including three line-of-battle ships, were cruising off the west coast of America.

It appears that Mr. Parrott is only about twenty days from Mazatlan; both he and Dr. Wood were allowed to pass through Mexico without molestation.

The Mississippi sailed from Vera Cruz on Saturday last.

U. S. frigates Cumberland and Potomac are working with all expedition in getting on board provisions and water, and will be ready for sea to-morrow; the John Adams, we learn, sailed to-day; the bark Dana, Capt. Chase, arrived at this port on Wednesday last, reports having spoken on the 25th day of April, off Abaco, U. S. steamer Princeton, and again on the 26th, off the Isaacs, supposed to be bound to Vera Cruz.

From Haïti.—The schooner Velasco, from Port-au-Prince, in the short passage of twelve days, reports that a rumor prevailed in the city, to the effect that the Pickets, a tribe from the interior of the Island, had made an attack upon a small town near Port-au-Prince, killing seven hundred of the inhabitants—Haitians. The Haitian war steamship, and two or three other vessels of war, sailed on the 28th ultimo, bound south.—*Baltimore Clipper.*

General Items.

Horrors of War.—The following is an extract of a private letter from an officer in the army, dated

MATAMOROS, May 23d.

I went over the field after the battle of *Resaca de la Palma*, and the sight which met my eyes there was one which imagination can scarcely depict. Bodies of Mexican soldiers were lying about in every direction—some with their heads entirely or partly shot off—others without legs or arms—others with their entrails torn out.—One man, a fine looking fellow, was lying on the ground with a cartridge in his fingers, having evidently been killed while in the act of priming his musket. I crept about on my hands and knees through the chapparal, and at every few paces I would come across dead bodies; and at one spot I discovered the body of *a beautiful Mexican girl, staked through the heart.* It is impossible to conceive who could have been guilty of this inhuman act. It is hardly necessary to say it is impossible that any American could have done it.

THE EFFECTS OF WAR.—Some idea of the injury inflicted upon the country by a declaration of hostilities may be gathered from the result upon one single branch of commerce—the whaling business. We have now at sea between 600 or 700 whalers, valued at about $22,000,000 all of which are exposed to capture or destruction. At home, too, the effects of a war upon the markets is not less deserving of notice. From a New Bedford letter of the 24th is the annexed letter taken:

"This war business has completely pro-trated the business in New Bedford, and no place in the country is half so much affected by the war. Ships are hauled up, none fitting out; oil, worth a million of dollars, is lying on the wharves, there being no purchasers at present rates. You stop the whaling business here, and you stop *all*—all being connected with it. There are now sixty ships hauled up here, and more expected to arrive."

Southern Patriotism.—Patriotic Gift.—Judge Saffold, of Washington county, in this State, has written to Major Wade, United States Army, of this city, that he has a fine blooded horse, which he is anxious to forward to Captain Thornton, of the 2d regiment of Dragoons, with the army in Texas.

The Judge goes farther, we understand, and states that he has a negro fifer, who, as a musician, is at the command of any of our volunteer corps.—*Savannah (Ga.) Republican, May* 27th.

What a patriotic soul the Judge is!—going to GIVE a negro fifer—a creature in God's image, but very guilty of possessing a colored skin, which, in the eye of Southern laws, makes him a "chattel personal." O, generous, patriotic Judge! True, neither your Honor, nor your delicate sons, are willing to be made targets for the chance shots of villainous Mexicans; but then you are really going to give the United States a war horse, and negro fifer. That's a liberal soul! This "great country" will remember you, Judge, when she makes up her jewels.—*Woonsocket Patriot.*

Preaching to Some Purpose.—We learn that a young brother of Professor Longfellow, who supplied the pulpit of Rev. Mr. Newell, at Cambridge, on Sunday, during that gentleman's absence on a journey, was so effective in some of his remarks upon the wickedness of our General Government in getting up and carrying on the war with Mexico, that a distinguished friend of the Administration suddenly left the church with marks of great displeasure on his countenance. Probably brought to a sense of shame for his advocacy of such a Government, by the preacher's eloquence.—*Boston Whig.*

Slaver Captured.—A correspondent of the Merchants' Exchange writes, under date of April 25, that a brig was lying at anchor at St. Helena, with "James Wilson, New-York," on her stern. She was then taken possession of by H. B. M. ship Acteon, as a prize, having been found lying at anchor at Kabenda, on the west coast of Africa, abandoned, and without crew, flag, or papers on board. She was fitted out for slaves. The vessel would be condemned in the admiralty court. The James Wilson was sold at Rio Janeiro, a short time since, to a Brazillian.

Still Another.—The American brig Malaga, of Beverly, under command of Lieut. Thomas G. Hunter, arrived at Beverly in fifty-five days from Kabenda, Africa, as a prize to the U. S. brig Boxer. The Malaga was seized under suspicion of aiding and abetting the Slave-Trade.—*Boston Post, Saturday.*

The fell spirit at work among a certain contemptible class of traitorous fanatics—too few to be aught *but* contemptible—was exhibited in full light at Boston on *Sunday* morning last in the shape of a handbill, printed in formidable capitals, headed "War! War!! War!!!" and advertising for "50,000 able bodied men to shoot and be shot at—in Mexico—$8 per month—glory given in" with a nota bene that, Christians need not apply. This appears to be an improvement upon the patriotism of the Mexican orson in this city, so far as the ingenuity of its balderdash is concerned, and precisely on a plan with the ravings of that print, in its feelings.—*Courier and Enquirer.*

A Washington correspondent of the Post, says:

"I have seen a gentleman fresh from Texas. He met multitudes descending the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, some as regular volunteers, some as 'independents.' Their language was, 'We are going to Mexico, but not to return. We mean to behave ourselves, and if the Mexicans wont, we'll *make* 'em.' *From the feeling that pervades the West, I fear we shall not have a speedy peace, even if the Mexicans desire it.*"

Married,

At Hamilton, Madison, New-York, on 2d instant, the Rev. A. Judson, D. D., of Maulmain, Burmah, to *Emily Chubbuck*, (the "Fanny Forrester," of the magazines,) daughter of Charles Chubbuck, of Hamilton.

At Cambridge, New-York, on Wednesday, June 3d, by Rev. Dr. Bullions, the Rev. S. Mattoon, late of Princeton Theological Seminary, to Miss *Mary Louise*, of the former place. Mr. and Mrs. M. are expecting to sail in a few weeks for Siam, where they are to engage in missionary labors, under the direction of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian church.

May 2d, at St. James's church, by the Rev. ——— Woodward, Mr. *Samuel Fuller*, of Camden Ville, Bath, (England,) second son of James C. Fuller, of Skaneateles, to Miss *George*, eldest daughter of Mr. J. George, Royal Hotel of that city.

In Auburn, on the 1st instant, by the Rev. Dr. Lathrop, Mr. *Luther Tucker*, editor of "The Cultivator," Albany, to Miss *M. Lucinda Burr*, of Rochester.

In this city, yesterday morning, at Trinity Church, by Rev. Bishop Eastburn, *Russell Sturgis*, Esq. to Miss *Julia O. Bolt.*

On 3d instant, by Rev. Theodore Parker, *Benjamin F. White*, Jr. to *Mary Goddard*, eldest daughter of Samuel May, Esq.

On 3d instant, by Rev. Dr. Lowell, *Thomas B. Pope* to Miss *Gertrude*, daughter of the late John Binney.

At Taunton, *B. W. Williams*, Esq. Editor of the "Dew Drop," to Miss *Clara W.* daughter of Hodges Reed, Esq.

At Milford, Conn. 19th ultimo, Hon. *Abijah Carrington*, late State Comptroller, to Miss *Sarah Gunn.*

In Wallingford, Conn. on the 3d instant, *John Alexander Butler*, Esq. Cashier of the Bank of Meriden, to *Mary*, daughter of the late Frederick Lewis, Esq. of the former place.

Died.

In Hingham, on the 7th instant, Mrs. *Rachel Lincoln*, relict of Mr. Jairus Lincoln, aged 87 years. The deceased was a lineal descendant from Rev. Peter Hobart, first minister of Hingham.

In Dorchester, on Tuesday, June 2d, Mrs. *Maria Howe*, daughter of Joseph N. Howe, and wife of T. B. Wales, Jr. aged 35.

In Salem, Capt. *James Devereux*, for many years one of the most enterprising and successful merchants of that place, in his 80th year.

In this city, on the 3d instant, *James Moorfield*, last surviving child of George A. and Ann T. Eaton, aged 8 years and 7 months.

In New-York, 5th instant, Mrs. *Cornelia S.* wife of Wm. J. Buck, Esq. and sister of Rev. H. G. O. Dwight, missionary at Constantinople.

At Little Falls, Herkimer county, N. Y. *Stephen W. Brown*, Esq. a native of Williamstown, Mass. and formerly sheriff of Herkimer county.

In Pomeroy, Ohio, 26th ultimo, *Anna Storer*, daughter of the late Samuel W. Pomeroy, Esq. formerly of Brighton, Mass.

In St. Augustine, 24th ultimo, Hon. *Joseph L. Smith*, aged about 70 years, a native of Connecticut.

In London, on the 12th of May, *Gansevoort Melville*, American Secretary of Legation. His complaint was an enlargement of the heart.

At the house of her son-in-law, Peter Lanman, Esq. Norwich, Conn. on Tuesday, the 2d instant, Mrs. *Sarah Trumbull*, widow of the late David Trumbull, of Lebanon, in the 87th year of her age.

In New-York, on Sunday night, June 7th, *Eleanor P. Milnor*, youngest daughter of the late Rev. James Milnor, D. D. in the 30th year of her age.

NOTICES.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

The Windham County Anti-Slavery Society will hold a convention at Canterbury, on the Fourth of July, next, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. and continuing through the day. Interesting addresses may be expected on the occasion. Entertainment will be provided for friends from a distance. C. C. Burleigh and C. L. Remond, will be in attendance.

Let not the time, nor the place of our meeting be forgotten. Canterbury *has* been the scene of mournful exhibitions of negro-hating and mobocracy. Here Prudence Crandal bore her noble testimony to the true and right, in the face of scorn, abuse, violence, persecution, and imprisonment. Emulating her earnest fidelity, come to the gathering of the *free*, and consecrate to humanity a day so long desecrated by rum and powder celebrations, and hollow pretensions to freedom.

The patriot, the Christian, the philanthropist, but, above all, the *man* is invited to attend.

GEORGE SHARPE, *Pres.*

LUCIAN BURLEIGH, *Sec.*

RHODE ISLAND FAIR.

PROVIDENCE, MAY 22, 1846.

Dear Friends:—We beg leave to call your attention to the ANNUAL RHODE ISLAND ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR, to be held in this City on WEDNESDAY, (Commencement day,) September 2d. We do this the more readily, and hopefully, as the result of the last Fair, and the liberality manifested by friends in furnishing its tables, and in various other ways supplying its wants, far exceeded our expectations. To you all, we render hearty thanks, assuring you that the proceeds of your labors have done much to renew the energies, strengthen the courage, and revive the hopes of the slave's toiling friends, and relieve the necessities of many a fugitive from the house of oppression.

But we must still urge a renewal of your benevolence, and an expansion of your liberality. The great cause in which we are engaged is still unconsummated—the public mind is still laboring under the withering, cramping influences of party prejudice, and sectarian exclusiveness. The public ear is still deaf "to the cries of God's poor." The public eye is still blinded to the thousand bloody results of American despotism. The institutions, political and social, of the whole land, are still swayed at the dictation of mongers of human flesh. The country is being burdened by the annexation of immense tracts of slave-holding territory. To support the *infernal* system, and multiply the victims of human tyranny, our people are called to unsheathe the sword—to immolate themselves upon the wreaking altars of *war*. We call upon you, friends, to make another effort to break these chains—to annihilate this scheme of diabolical intrigue and conspiracy against the lives and liberties of human beings. We ask you to help us to make the *effort*. Let us spare neither expense or trouble; as we esteem the welfare and happiness of *human beings*—sons and daughters with us of one Great Common Father;—as we value our characters as Christians, and friends of the human race—as we wish to prove the sincerity of our professions, let us individually and collectively address ourselves to the task. Let us forget all selfish interests, and labor for the good of others. This will soften the severest toil, and lighten the heaviest burden.

We invite you to enlist with us in this work, both by contributing, yourselves, of whatever Providence has thrown into your possession of a contributable nature, and by soliciting contributions from others. Nothing will come amiss—anything and everything will aid us. We earnestly entreat you to leave no friend unsolicited—to let no influence lie dormant—to let no energy remain inactive—to let our stock lack nothing which you can possibly spare.

Any requisite information may be obtained by addressing Amarancy Paine, Anti-Slavery Office, corner of Broad and Dorrance streets. Contributions and donations may be deposited in the same place, or with either of the following persons:

S. R. Harris,	*Mary R. Clarke,*
S. B. R. Foster,	*E. H. Brown,*
Abby Burgess,	*Amarancy Paine,*
Caroline Ashley,	*H. B. Redway,*
Mary Hathaway,	*Parthena T. Janes,*
Abby Thurber,	*Sarah R. Smith,*
Lucretia Francis,	*Mary Smith.*

THE RURAL FAIR.

Fourth of July at Dedham.

This effort on behalf of the cause of Freedom in MASSACHUSETTS, will be made at the "TEMPERANCE GROVE," DEDHAM, on the 4th of July.

It is the purpose of the managers to spare no exertion to redeem that day for the *present* service of righteous principle, by making it a holyday on which the whole community may enjoy with them, the pleasure of a true festival of freedom in union with the higher satisfaction of duty fulfilled, by a simultaneous exertion to aid in carrying out the principles of our forefathers.

We have made comfortable arrangements for the exhibition, and sale of a rare and valuable collection of beautiful and useful articles, such as no other opportunity can present; with fruits, flowers, and refreshments of every kind; and propose to provide such accommodations as shall make this rural festival a most happy and inviting one to all the friends from the city and surrounding country.

The Massachusetts Society intend to celebrate the day at the same time and place. Addresses from the most devoted and eloquent friends of the cause, may be expected, with vocal and instrumental music from our musical friends. More particular announcements will be given hereafter.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,
For the Managers.

WESTERN NEW-YORK ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Western New York Anti Slavery Society has held its Third Anniversary, and to awaken, to inform, and to inspire the American people with a true sense of the iniquity of Slavery existing in our country, and to endeavor to interest their sympathies in the cause of the poor slave, we make this appeal to an intelligent public; confidently hoping that the hearts of the people will yet be made to beat in unison with liberty, that their eyes will be opened to perceive the evil working of oppression, and their ears unstopped to hear the cries of the down-trodden; to send forth an earnest voice and an efficient deed in behalf of the *right*, to assist with heart, hand, and purse in the destruction of the vile temple of Slavery, and in the strength of their *moral resolves* to work out the salvation of the enslaved, and to hasten the coming of that glorious day when men shall be slaves and oppressors no more.

Now is the time for every lover of liberty to weave for himself a garland of gratitude in the heart of the slave; to stretch forth his hand and raise him to the level of humanity.

To strike from his limbs the fetters that bind,
And lift the dark pall, that envelops his mind.

To accomplish this end, it is necessary that lectures should be delivered, and [illegible]s and papers on the subject circulated; therefore the Executive Committee of the Western New-York Anti-Slavery Society have engaged for a lecturer and general agent, WILLIAM W. BROWN, an eloquent and efficient laborer in the anti slavery field; one who has felt in his own person the evils of Slavery, and with the strong voice of experience can tell of its horrors. While thus engaged he is dependent for his sustenance on the aid of the philanthropist; we would, therefore, ask of you to contribute of your abundance to the support of those who are laboring in the cause of our suffering brethren of the South, and to ask your friends and neighbors to do the same, however small the sum may be, and the blessing of those "who have none to help them" will rest upon you.

You are also respectfully informed that the anti-slavery ladies of the city of Rochester have determined to sacrifice their time and means for the purpose of holding a fair on Christmas week of this year, and New Year's day of next year; the proceeds of which are to be applied for the spreading of anti-slavery truth, in the most judicious way, for the benefit of the slave.

Any assistance that can be rendered them in carrying out this plan, either in useful or ornamental work from the hands of ladies, agricultural produce from the industry and kind hearts of farmers, or specimens of mechanical ingenuity from those who work in wood, brass, iron, or any other material, will be thankfully received, and give evidence that there is "still flesh in man's obdurate heart that feels for fellow-man."

Donations of any kind may be placed in the hands of the general agent, WM. W. BROWN, or directed to HENRY BOSH, Treasurer, Rochester, N. Y., also, communications may be addressed to the same persons,

JOSEPH C. HATHAWAY, President.
SARAH A. BURTIS, Secretary.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Dear Friends: At the late annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, measures were adopted to sustain a number of able and devoted lecturers in this State, during the present year. One (Parker Pillsbury) is already in the field. Several others will soon enter. It is desirable so to arrange their labors in connection with other anti-slavery agencies, as to accomplish the greatest amount of good. Of these, the quarterly meetings of the county societies may be justly regarded as among the most efficient.

It is now proposed to the friends in the several counties, to hold their quarterly meetings in the following order, as nearly at regular intervals as

Poetry.

From the Newry Examiner, (an Irish paper.)

THE THREE PREACHERS.

There are three preachers ever preaching,
Each with eloquence and power;
One is old, with locks of white,
Skinny as an anchorite;
And he preaches every hour
With a shrill, fanatic voice,
And a bigot's fiery scorn:—
"Backward, ye presumptuous nations:
Man to misery is born!
Born to drudge, and sweat, and suffer—
Born to labor, and to pray;
Priests and Kings are God's Vicegerents,
Man must worship and obey.
Backward, ye presumptuous nations—
Back!—be humble, and obey!"

The second is a milder preacher;
Soft he talks as if he sung;
Sleek and slothful is his look,
And his words, as from a book,
Issue glibly from the tongue.
With an air of self-content,
High he lifts his fair white hands:—
"Stand ye still, ye restless nations;
And be happy, all ye lands!
Earth was made by One Almighty,
And to meddle is to mar;
Change is rash, and ever was so;
We are happy as we are;
Stand ye still, ye restless nations,
And be happy as ye are."

Mightier is the younger preacher;
Genius flashes from his eyes:
And the crowds who hear his voice,
Give him, while their souls rejoice,
Throbbing bosoms for replies.
Awed they listen, yet elated,
While his stirring accents roll:
"Forward! ye deluded nations,
Progress is the rule of all;—
Man was made for heartful effort;
Tyranny has crushed him long,
He shall march from good to better,
Nor be patient under wrong!
Forward! ye awakened nations,
And do battle with the wrong.

"Standing still is childish folly,
Going backward is a crime:—
None shall patiently endure
Any ill that he can cure;
Onward! keep the march of time;
Onward, while a wrong remains
To be conquered by the right;
While Oppression lifts a finger
To affront us by his might;
While an error clouds the reason;
While a sorrow gnaws the heart;
While a slave awaits his freedom,
Action is the wise man's part:—
Forward! ye awakened nations!
Action is the people's part.

"Onward! there are ills to conquer,—
Ills that on yourselves you 've brought;
There is wisdom to discern,
There is temperance to learn,
And enfranchisement for thought.
Hopeless Poverty and Toil
May be conquered, if you try;
Vice, and Wretchedness, and Famine,
Give Beneficence the lie.
Onward! onward! and subdue them!
Root them out; their day has passed;
Goodness is alone immortal;
Evil was not made to last.
Forward, ye awakened people,
And your sorrow shall not last."

And the preaching of this preacher
Stirs the pulses of the world.
Tyranny has curbed its pride;
Errors that were deified,
Into darkness have been hurled;
Slavery and Liberty,
And the Wrong and Right have met,
To decide their ancient quarrel.
Onward! preacher; onward yet!
There are pens to tell your progress,
There are eyes that pine to read,
There are hearts that burn to aid you,
There are arms in hour of need.
Onward, preacher! Onward, nations!—
Will must ripen into Deed.

From the Arbroath [Scotland] Guide.

A VOICE FROM THE WEST.

Send back the money. They shall send back the money.—*Douglass' Lectures.*

A voice came o'er the western waves,
Sublimely deep and loud,—
The cry of full three million slaves,
"Gie back, gie back the goud."

And startled Scotia heard that cry,
By mountain, glen, and wood,
And echo'd back the stern reply,—
"Gie back, gie back the goud."

Thus, said the voice, "Shall altars rise,
Built with our flesh and blood;
Shall Moloch's fanes insult the skies?—
'Gie back, gie back the goud.'

"And shall the sacred title, Free,
Be on that fane bestowed;
Can freedom league with Slavery?—
'Gie back, gie back the goud.'

"Or can a freeman's stalwart knee
Be to our tyrants bow'd;
Can their largess be charity?—
'Gie back, gie back the goud.'

"Shall murderers of our ebon race
Be hailed as Christians good;
Can bland defence their guilt efface?—
'Gie back, gie back the goud.'"

This solemn voice could not appal
A priesthood mean and proud;
They answered nearly one and all,
"We 'll not pay back the goud."

But Scotia—whose generous breast
Yearned for the injured—vowed,
That every guilty, blood-stained priest
"Should yet disgorge the goud."

Note.—It is probable that very reverend and learned gentlemen may object to the phrase, "*Gie back the goud*," as being rather the lingo of a Scotchman than that of a negro; but I would remind them, that Sambo is a simple, unsophisticated, imitative creature, who very readily acquires the power of expressing his wants and wrongs in the every-day language of those around him; nd it is highly probable that, had he got a college education, he might have been enabled thereby to turn common sense—like an old garment—upside down, and outside in, as well as his betters. He might have also been able to prove, to the entire satisfaction of every man *learned in the Word*, that the term *servant, means a slave*; and that whoever catches a runaway slave, and returns the same to his "lawful master," is an humble and virtuous imitator of the "Apostle Paul!"

Miscellany.

From the Columbian Magazine, for June.

THE NEIGHBOR-IN-LAW.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

Who blesses others in his daily deeds,
Will find the healing that his spirit needs;
For every flower in others' pathway strewn
Confers its fragrant beauty on our own.

"So you are going to live in the same building with Hetty Turnpenny," said Mrs. Lane to Mrs. Fairweather. "You will find nobody to envy you. If her temper does not prove too much even for your good-nature, it will surprise all who know her. We lived there a year, and that is as long as anybody ever tried it."

"Poor Hetty!" replied Mrs. Fairweather, "she has had much to harden her. Her mother died too early for her to remember; her father was very severe with her; and the only lover she ever had, borrowed the savings of her years of toil, and spent them in dissipation. But Hetty, notwithstanding her sharp features, and sharper words, certainly has a kind heart. In the midst of her greatest poverty many were the stockings she knit, and the warm waistcoats she made, for the poor drunken lover, whom she had too much good sense to marry. Then you know she feeds and clothes her brother's orphan child."

"If you call it feeding and clothing," replied Mrs. Lane. "The poor child looks cold, and pinched, and frightened all the time, as if she were chased by the East wind. I used to tell Miss Turnpenny she ought to be ashamed of herself, to keep the poor little thing at work all the time, without one minute to play. If she does but look at the cat, as it runs by the window, Aunt Hetty gives her a rap over the knuckles. I used to tell her she would make the girl just another sour old crab as herself."

"That must have been very improving to her disposition," replied Mrs. Fairweather, with a good-humored smile. "But in justice to poor Aunt Hetty, you ought to remember that she had just such a cheerless childhood herself. Flowers grow where there is sunshine."

"I know you think everybody ought to live in the sunshine," rejoined Mrs. Lane; "and it must be confessed that you carry it with you wherever you go. If Miss Turnpenny *has* a heart, I dare say you will find it out, though I never could, and I never heard of any one else that could. All the families within hearing of her tongue call her the neighbor-in-law."

Certainly the prospect was not very encouraging; for the house Mrs. Fairweather proposed to occupy, was not only under the same roof with Miss Turnpenny, but the buildings had one common yard in the rear, and one common space for a garden in front. The very first day she took possession of her new habitation, she called on the neighbor-in-law. Aunt Hetty had taken the precaution to extinguish the fire, lest the new neighbor should want hot water, before her own wood and coal arrived. Her first salutation was, "If you want any cold water, there's a pump across the street; I don't like to have my house slopped all over."

"I am glad you are so tidy, neighbor Turnpenny," replied Mrs. Fairweather; "it is extremely pleasant to have neat neighbors. I will try to keep everything as bright as a new five-cent piece, for I see that will please you. I came in merely to say good morning, and to ask if you could spare little Peggy to run up and down stairs for me, while I am getting my furniture in order. I will pay her sixpence an hour."

Aunt Hetty had began to purse up her mouth for a refusal; but the promise of sixpence an hour relaxed her features at once. Little Peggy sat knitting a stocking very diligently, with a rod lying on the table beside her. She looked up with timid wistfulness, as if the prospect of any change was like a release from prison. When she heard consent given, a bright color flushed her cheeks. She was evidently of an impressable temperament, for good or evil. "Now, mind and behave yourself," said Aunt Hetty; "and see that you keep at work the whole time. If I hear one word of complaint, you know what you'll get when you come home." The rose-color subsided from Peggy's pale face, and she answered, "Yes ma'am," very meekly.

In the neighbor's house all went quite otherwise. No switch lay on the table, and instead of, "mind how you do that. If you don't, I'll punish you," she heard the gentle words, "There, dear, see how carefully you can carry that up stairs. Why, what a nice, handy little girl you are!" Under this enlivening influence, Peggy worked like a bee, and soon began to hum much more agreeably than a bee. Aunt Hetty was always in the habit of saying, "stop your noise, and mind your work." But the new friend patted her on the head, and said, "What a pleasant voice the little girl has. It is like the birds in the fields. By-and-by you shall hear my music-box." This opened wide the windows of the poor little shut-up heart, so that the sunshine could stream in, and the birds fly in and out carolling. The happy child tuned up, like a lark, as she tripped lightly up and down stairs, on various household errands. But though she took heed to observe all the directions given her, her head was all the time filled with conjectures what sort of a thing a music-box might be. She was a little afraid the kind lady would forget to show it to her. She kept at work, however, and asked no questions; she only looked very curiously at everything that resembled a box. At last, Mrs. Fairweather said, "I think your little feet must be tired by this time. We will rest awhile, and eat some gingerbread." The child took the offered cake, with a humble little courtesy, and carefully held out her apron to prevent any crumbs from falling on the floor. But suddenly the apron dropped, and the crumbs were all strewed about. "Is that a little bird?" she exclaimed, eagerly. "Where is he? Is he in this room?" The new friend smiled, and told her that was the music-box; and after awhile she opened it, and explained what made the sounds. Then she took out a pile of books from one of the baskets of goods, and told Peggy she might look at the pictures, till she called her. The little girl stepped forward eagerly to take them, and then drew back, as if afraid. "What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Fairweather; "I am very willing to trust you with the books. I keep them on purpose to amuse children." Peggy looked down, with her finger on her lip, and answered, in a constrained voice, "Aunt Turnpenny won't like it, if I play." "Don't trouble yourself about that. I will make it all right with Aunt Hetty," replied the friendly one. Thus assured, she gave herself up to the full enjoyment of the picture-books; and when she was summoned to her work, she obeyed with a cheerful alacrity that would have astonished her stern relative. When the labors of the day were concluded, Mrs. Fairweather accompanied her home, paid for all the hours she had been absent, and warmly praised her docility and diligence. "It is lucky for her that she behaved so well," replied Aunt Hetty. "If I had heard any complaint, I should have given her a whipping, and sent her to bed without her supper."

Poor little Peggy went to sleep that night with a lighter heart than she had ever felt since she had been an orphan. Her first thought in the morning was whether the new neighbor would want her service again during the day. Her desire that it should be so, soon became obvious to Aunt Hetty, and excited an undefined jealousy and dislike of a person who so easily made herself beloved. Without exactly acknowledging to herself what were her own motives, she ordered Peggy to gather all the sweepings of the kitchen and court into a small pile, and leave it on the frontier of her neighbor's premises. Peggy ventured to ask, timidly, whether the wind would not blow it about, and she received a box on the ear for her impertinence. It chanced that Mrs. Fairweather, quite unintentionally, heard the words and the blow. She gave Aunt Hetty's anger time enough to cool, then stepped out into the court, and after arranging divers little matters, she called aloud to her domestic, "Sally, how came you to leave this pile of dirt here? Didn't I tell you Miss Turnpenny was very neat. Pray make haste and sweep it up. I would n't have her see it on any account. I told her I would try and keep everything nice about the premises. She is so particular herself, and it is a comfort to have tidy neighbors." The girl, who had been previously instructed, smiled as she came out with brush and dust-pan, and swept quietly away the pile, that was intended as a declaration of frontier war. But another source of annoyance presented itself, which could not be quite so easily disposed of. Aunt Hetty had a cat, a lean, scraggy animal, that looked as if she were often kicked and seldom fed; and Mrs. Fairweather had a fat, frisky little dog, always ready for a caper. He took a dislike to poor poverty-stricken Tab, the first time he saw her, and no coaxing could induce him to alter his opinion. His name was Pink, haviour in his n never set foot ou a growl and a sharp bark, that frightened her out of her senses, and made her run into the house with her fur all on end. If she even ventured to doze a little on her own door-step, the enemy was on the watch, and the moment her eyes closed he would wake her with a bark, and a box on the ear, and off he would run. Aunt Hetty vowed she would scald him. It was a burning shame, she said, for folks to keep dogs to worry their neighbor's cats. Mrs. Fairweather invited Tabby to dine, and made much of her, and patiently endeavored to teach her dog to eat from the same plate. But Pink sturdily resolved he would be scalded first—that he would. He could not have been more firm in his opposition, if he and Tab had belonged to different sects in Christianity. While his mistress was patting Tab on the head, and reasoning the point with him, he would at times manifest a degree of indifference, amounting to toleration; but the moment he was left to his own free will, he would give the invited guest a hearty cuff with his paw, and send her home spitting like a small steam engine. Aunt Hetty considered it her own peculiar privilege to cuff the poor animal, and it was too much for patience to see Pink undertake to assist in making Tab unhappy. On one of these occasions, she rushed into her neighbor's apartments, and faced Mrs. Fairweather, with one hand resting on her hip, and the forefinger of the other making very wrathful gesticulations. "I tell you what, madam, I wont put up with such treatment much longer," said she; "I'll poison that dog; you'll see if I don't; and I shan't wait long, either, I can tell you! What you keep such an impudent little beast for, I don't know, without you do it on purpose to plague your neighbors."

"I am really sorry he behaves so," replied Mrs. Fairweather, mildly. "Poor Tab!"

"Poor Tab!" screamed Miss Turnpenny. "What do you mean by calling her poor? Do you mean to fling it up to me that my cat don't have enough to eat?"

"I did not think of such a thing," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "I called her poor Tab, because Pink plagues her so that she has no peace of her life. I agree with you, neighbor Turnpenny; it is *not* right to keep a dog that disturbs the neighborhood. I am attached to poor little Pink, because he belongs to my son, who has gone to sea. I was in hopes he would soon leave off quarreling with the cat; but if he wont be neighborly, I will send him out in the country to board. Sally, will you bring me one of the pies we baked this morning? I should like to have Miss Turnpenny taste of them."

The crabbed neighbor was helped abundantly, and while she was eating the pie, the friendly matron edged in many a kind word concerning little Peggy, whom she praised as a remakably capable, industrious child.

"I am glad you find her so," rejoined Aunt Hetty; "I should get precious little work out of her, if I did'nt keep a switch in sight."

"I manage children pretty much as the man did the donkey," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "Not an inch would the poor beast stir, for all his master's beating and thumping. But a neighbor tied some fresh turnips to a stick, and fastened them so that they swung directly before the donkey's nose, and off he set on a brisk trot, in hopes of overtaking them."

Aunt Hetty, without observing how very closely the comparison applied to her own management of Peggy, said, "that will do very well for folks that have plenty of turnips to spare."

"For the matter of that," answered Mrs. Fairweather, "whips cost something, as well as turnips; and since one makes the donkey stand still, and the other makes him trot, it is easy to decide which is the most economical. But, neighbor Turnpenny, since you like my pies so well, pray take one home with you. I am afraid they will mould before we can eat them up."

Aunt Hetty had come in for a quarrel, and she was astonished to find herself going out with a pie! "Well, Mrs. Fairweather," said she, "you *are* a neighbor. I thank you a thousand times." When she reached her own door, she hesitated for an instant, then turned back, pie in hand, to say, "Neighbor Fairweather, you need n't trouble yourself about sending Pink away. It's natural you should like the little creature, seeing he belongs to your son. I'll try to keep Tab in doors, and perhaps after awhile they will agree better."

"I hope they will," replied the friendly matron. "We will try them awhile longer, and if they persist in quarreling, I will send the dog into the country." Pink, who was sleeping in a chair, stretched himself and gaped. His kind mistress patted him on the head, "Ah, you foolish little beast," said she, "what's the use of plagueing poor Tab?"

"Well, I do say," observed Sally, smiling, "you are a master woman for stopping a quarrel."

"I learned a good lesson when I was a little girl," rejoined Mrs. Fairweather. "One frosty morning, I was looking out of the window into my father's barnyard, where stood many cows, oxen, and horses, waiting to drink. It was one of those cold, snapping mornings, when a slight thing irritates both man and beast. The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows attempted to turn round. In making the attempt, she happened to hit her next neighbor; whereupon, the neighbor kicked, and the whole herd were soon kicking and hooking each other with all fury. My mother laughed, and said, 'See what comes of kicking when you 're hit. Just so I 've seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears, some frosty morning.' Afterwards, if my brothers or myself were a little irritable, she would say, 'Take care, children. Remember how the fight in the barnyard began. Never give a kick for a hit, and you will save yourself and others a deal of trouble.'"

That same afternoon the sunshiny dame stepped into Aunt Hetty's rooms where she found Peggy sewing, as usual, with the eternal switch on the table beside her. "I am obliged to go to Harlem, on business," she said: "I feel rather lonely without company, and I always like to have a child with me. If you will oblige me by letting Peggy go, I will pay her fare in the omnibus."

"She has her spelling lesson to get before night," replied Aunt Hetty. "I don't approve of young folks going a pleasuring, and neglecting their education."

"Neither do I," rejoined her neighbor; "but I think there is a great deal of education that is not found in books. The fresh air will make Peggy grow stout and active. I prophesy that she will do great credit to your bringing up." The sugared words, and the remembrance of the sugared pie, touched a soft place in Miss Turnpenny's heart, and she told the astonished Peggy that she might go and put on her best gown and bonnet. The poor child began to think that this new neighbor was certainly one of the good fairies she had read about in the picture-book. The excursion was enjoyed as only a city child *can* enjoy the country. The world seems such a pleasant place, when the fetters are off; and Nature folds the young heart lovingly on her bosom! A flock of real birds and two living butterflies put the little orphan in a perfect ecstacy. She ran and skipped. One could see that she might be graceful, if she were only free. She pointed to the fields covered with dandelions, and said, "See how pretty! It looks as if the stars had come down to lie on the grass." Ah, our little stinted Peggy has poetry in her, though Aunt Hetty never found it out. Every human soul has the germ of some flowers within, and they would open, if they could only find sunshine and free air to expand in.

Mrs. Fairweather was a practical philosopher, in her own small way. She observed that Miss Turnpenny really liked a pleasant tune; and when Winter came, she tried to persuade her that singing would be excellent for Peggy's lungs, and perhaps keep her from going into a consumption.

"My nephew, James Fairweather, keeps a singing school," said she, "and perhaps he will teach her gratis. You need not feel under great obligation; for her voice will lead the whole school, and her ear is so quick, it will be no trouble at all to teach her. Perhaps you would go with us sometimes, neighbor Turnpenny? It is very pleasant to hear the children's voices."

The cordage of Aunt Hetty's mouth relaxed into a smile. She accepted the invitation, and was so much pleased that she went every Sunday evening. The simple tunes, and the sweet, young voices, fell like dew on her dried-up heart, and greatly aided the genial influence of her neighbor's example.—The rod silently disappeared from the table. It Peggy was disposed to be idle, it was only necessary to say, "When you have finished your work, you may go and ask whether Mrs. Fairweather wants any errands done." Bless me, how the fingers flew! Aunt Hetty had learned to use turnips instead of the cudgel.

When Spring came, Mrs. Fairweather busied herself with planting roses and vines. Miss Turnpenny readily consented that Peggy should help her, and even refused to take any pay from such a good but she would sometimes say, "I have no room to plant this rose-bush. Neighbor Turnpenny, would you be willing to let me set it on your side of the yard? It will take very little room, and will need no care." At an other time she would say, "Well, really my ground is too full. Here is a root of Lady's-delight. How bright and pert it looks. It seems a pity to throw it away. If you are willing, I will let Peggy plant it in what she calls her garden. It will grow of itself, without any care, and scatter seeds, that will come up and blossom in all the chinks of the bricks. I love it. It is such a bright, good-natured little thing." Thus, by degrees, the crabbed maiden found herself surrounded by flowers; and she even declared, of her own accord, that they did look pretty.

One day, when Mrs. Lane called upon Mrs. Fairweather, she found the old weed-grown yard bright and blooming. Tab, quite fat and sleek, was asleep in the sunshine, with her paw on Pink's neck, and little Peggy was singing at her work, as blithe as a bird.

"How cheerful you look here," said Mrs. Lane. "And so you have really taken the house for another year. Pray, how do you manage to get on with the neighbor-in-law?"

"I find her a very kind, obliging neighbor," replied Mrs. Fairweather.

"Well, this is a miracle!" exclaimed Mrs. Lane. "Nobody but you would have undertaken to thaw out Aunt Hetty's heart."

"That is probably the reason why it was never thawed," rejoined her friend. "I always told you that not having enough of sunshine was what ailed the world. Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarreling, or a tenth part of the wickedness there is."

From this gospel of joy preached and practised, nobody derived so much benefit as little Peggy.—Her nature, which was fast growing crooked and knotty, under the malign influence of constraint and fear, straightened up, budded, and blossomed, in the genial atmosphere of cheerful kindness.

Her affections and faculties were kept in such pleasant exercise, that constant lightness of heart made her almost handsome. The young music-teacher thought her more than almost handsome, for her affectionate soul shone more beamingly on him than on others, and love makes all things beautiful.

When the orphan removed to her pleasant little cottage, on her wedding-day, she threw her arms around the blessed missionary of sunshine, and said, "Ah, thou dear, good Aunt, it is thou who hast made my life Fairweather."

From the Spirit of Liberty.

POLITICAL SUFFRAGE.

Mr. Fleeson:—I was startled the other day, to see a notice in the Journal, stating that I was advocating in these, my letters, "equal political" rights for my sex. I say startled, for never, even to myself, had my position been defined; but I believe Mr. Riddle is right; and I confess I do not feel able to explain myself. My taking up the subject was unpremeditated. I was provoked to it in a moment of anger—but perhaps my bungling may call out an abler advocate.

I believe we are entitled to all the political rights we can use, without neglecting any of the duties which are already ours. These duties are our crowning privilege. The ministrations at the bed of death, the couch of suffering, sharing the cares and brightening the path of our male relatives who are more actively engaged in out-door life, moulding and forming the minds of youth, &c. are duties few women would willingly resign. Nevertheless, at the ballot-box we have a right to be heard. Is our interest in the success of our Government any less than yours? Is our capacity to understand its principles inferior? I deny that it is. And the thought and reflection which an exercise of the political franchise would be calculated to call forth, would only strengthen our minds for the better performance of our other duties. This thought and reflection cannot be engendered without some definite motive. People will not cultivate talents which are never to be used. Consequently, women even pride themselves on their total ignorance of the genius and laws of a Government, the success or failure of which is to pour liberty or despotism upon a world. It can go to one side or the other, no matter which, if the fashion plates still come out regularly, and Mrs. F. does not get before us, in the shape of a sofa, or size of a mirror—and other equally important etceteras.

Do you not think, gentlemen, it would have been but fair that we should have got leave to say whether we would have a war for Texas and Slavery? That, before you took our fathers, and brothers, our husbands, and sons—those dearer selves—from our arms, to butcher them in the great slaughter-house you have built—that you should, at least, have made a bow, and said, "By your leave, ladies?" Who are the real sufferers from war? Is it those who are shot? Nay, verily, but "the women who remain at home," to mourn the loss of all who are nearest and dearest, or perhaps meet the insolence of an invading foe. You have assumed the right of deciding for us in all such cases, and it is a fearful responsibility. If we must meet these misfortunes and dangers, in order that the glorious privilege of whipping women and selling babies be maintained in Texas, you might have allowed us to share with you the glory of the decision.

To those who are ever ready to go at the call of danger, to kill and be killed, I would say, is there not one or more who derive their happiness from your presence—who depend upon you for support, for protection, for everything which makes life valuable? If so, what right have you to blight this happiness—tear away this support, when you please? What right have you and others to bring about such a state of things, where such sacrifices may be required of us—and that without consulting our wishes? Were our affections to be the mere sport of your whims, made to add to your happiness when you wish, and to be cast aside at your pleasure? Who gave up their days and nights, in the prime of life, to anxiety, toil, and watching, to rear those thousands of immortals who are to meet there for mutual butchery—to leave their blood and bodies to enrich cotton fields?—who has kissed their feet with rapture, and watched with delight their every motion? Who but their mothers? And do you ask their consent to the killing of them? Nay, verily they are now raised, fit for the master's use, and her services are needed no more, besides they are old women, and must not wear pants: and no one could judge what was for their own good, or that of a nation, who was not entitled to this mark of distinction. 'Tis likely that, after a while, no one will be entitled to full political privileges, at least not to hold office, who does not wear suspenders at both ends. When a woman speaks of being man's moral equal, the first cry is, "she wants the pants." For my part, I really would not wear them. They are anything but pretty, and I imagine men looked rather better before they came into fashion. Nor can I see why one could not study politics as well in a loose wrapper as in a straight coat, high stock, and stiff collar: if not, our great men should eschew morning gowns.

But women must not go to elections, because there are drinking, fighting, swearing, and blasphemy there. Well, gentlemen, who gave you any more right to drink, fight, swear, or blaspheme, than we have? Has God made any distinction in your favor? I do not know of any. We are all travelling the same road; if these lessons help your morals, they will not hurt ours. If they injure them, why do you make allowances for them? Few men go to an election who do not go from the society of women, and return to it again. Why do they feel at liberty to behave like blackguards there? Simply because there are no women present. Do you think Dick would wait to bloody Sam's nose, and blacken his eyes, if Sally was with him, or that Sam would stand to pick a fight if Nancy was waiting for him. Formerly ladies left the dinner table that gentlemen might make beasts of themselves. After awhile custom said "remain," and gents had to remain gents, much to their annoyance, no doubt, at first, but now they are used to it.

We are told again—and by-the-by it is this objection which humbugs women—that it is out of respect for us they would save this trouble. That, in fact, it is quite beneath us to think of a subject so grovelling. Our elevated province is, tormenting store-keepers, hunting after fol-de-rols, to render ourselves agreeable in the eyes of their lordships. But this *respect!* The Constitution allows white male citizens over twenty-one to vote. Well, ladies, how do you like the classification—Negroes, Indians, minors, and women. Is it the very great respect our Solons have for the colored races, which has disfranchised them? Very likely. And the study of politics is quite beneath the notice of boys. For my part, I cannot see how the immortal framers of our present glorious Constitution mustered courage to you?" Then why place them on the same platform? Do not understand me as casting any reflection on any human beings on account of the wrapper the Almighty has rolled them in. I only want to show the hypocrisy of this cant. The majority of men do not consider women their equals. "Actions speak louder than words."

But politics now are a system of forgery, trickery, chicanery, and humbug, therefore unfit for women's attention. Well, have you any right to commit crimes any more than we, and do you intend to let them remain in this state? Even as it is, you have no objections we should help you hurra, and knock up a dust, to deafen and blind one another. Is not civil government an institution planted deeply in human nature by the Deity himself, and regulated by His law? If so, how can it be necessarily associated with such crimes? If Christians are required to "choose men fearing God and hating covetousness," and set them to rule over them, is it necessary they should blind themselves and one another with passion, in order to make the choice? Is not this choice a solemn moral act, for the right performance of which they are accountable to their Maker? And have not women sense enough to make their choice for themselves, to bear testimony by their vote against anything they think wrong, or in favor of what they think right in the Government? If not, they have not sense enough to join a church for themselves, but ought to be represented, and consequently appear by proxy at the judgment. As church-membership implies a higher moral obligation than citizenship, and she is allowed to act without a representative there, inasmuch as she can join what church she pleases, and the greater includes the less, the principle I contend for is conceded, and it is a senseless contradiction of the spirit of your own laws, which deprives her of the rights of citizenship. More anon.

JANE G. SWISSHELM.

From the London Punch.

NURSERY RHYME.

The story of the Repeal of the Corn Laws, "suited to the meanest capacity."

There was a little lady who had twenty-four million babies, and she wanted to get cheap bread for them, but she could not, because of the Corn Law. So she went to the Lords, and she said,—

"Lords, Lords, repeal this law, or I cannot get cheap bread for my babies."

Then the Lords said to her, "Pooh! We are the landed interest; what do we care for your babies? The tories to a man will stand by us." So she went to the tories, and she said,—

"Tories, Tories, desert the Lords; the Lords won't repeal the Law; and I cannot get cheap bread for my babies."

Then the Tories said to her, "Madam, we have no objection to eat dirt; we do it every day; but at present we are under the orders of the Duke." So she went to the Duke and she said,—

"Duke, Duke, order the Tories; the Tories won't desert the Lords; the Lords won't repeal the Law; and I cannot get cheap bread for my babies."

Then the Duke said to her, "F. M. the Duke of Wellington is Commander-in-Chief of the Army, but he is neither a maltser nor a miller. All communications to his Grace must be made through Sir Robert Peel." So she went to Sir Robert Peel, and said,—

"Peel, Peel, speak to the Duke; the Duke won't order the Tories; the Tories won't desert the Lords; the Lords won't repeal the Law; and I cannot get cheap bread for my babies."

Then Peel said, "The Tories brought me in, I know, but I should like to rat and cut the Snobs. However, as yet there is no pressure from without, there is no Great Fact to frighten me." So she went to look for a Great Fact; and she heard a voice, saying to her, "I am ready to come to your help, if you will only get somebody to form a League, and call me into notice. There's Richard Cobden." So she went to Richard Cobden, and she said,—

"Cobden, Cobden, form a League; the League will soon become a Fact; but there 's no Fact yet to frighten Peel, and Peel won't speak to the Duke; the Duke won't order the Tories; the Tories won't desert the Lords; the Lords won't repeal the Law; and I cannot get cheap bread for my babies."

Then Cobden began to form the League; the League began to become a Fact; the Fact began to frighten Peel; Peel began to speak to the Duke; the Duke began to order the Tories; the Tories began to desert the Lords; the Lords set to to repeal the Law; and so the little lady got cheap bread for her babies.

AN INFERNAL SCENE.

The following description of one of the "great and glorious" battles in India gives a faint idea of the horrors that attend the trade of war:

As our men advanced, Englishman and Hindoo side by side, the Sikhs appeared to redouble their fire, and to use the expression of an eye-witness, "a storm of iron hail descended on our ranks." No force or fire, however, could repress their valor. They pushed forward with irresistible enthusiasm, and after the most tremendous efforts succeeded in their attempt. The cavalry entered the entrenchments in single file, through an opening made for them by the sappers and miners, and in a short time the rout of the Sikhs became general.

As they had shown no mercy to numerous wounded men who had fallen into their hands, so no mercy was shown to them. They were driven in confusion toward the bridge and river which having risen during the night, rendered their retreat almost impossible. The bridge of boats densely thronged by the fugitives, broke down in many places, while our guns, incessantly playing on the closely-wedged mass, produced the most dreadful havoc. The scene presented by the face of the Sutlej defies description; covered with horses and men, upon whom the most dreadful fire was kept up with grape and canister—it literally ran red with blood.

Under these circumstances we can by no means imagine the number of the slain to be over estimated at twelve thousand. The battle had begun about six o'clock, and did not terminate till eleven. The combatants had met hand to hand. Our artillery and musketry had never for a moment ceased their fire. Our cavalry, charging impetuously through their ranks, had speared or sabred all who fell in their way. But the river was their greatest enemy, and when they flung themselves pell mell into its waters, which were wholly unfordable, the artillery scattered death unsparingly among them till there was not a man left visible within range.

From the Union Missionary.

FATHER CRAVENS.

A Faithful Minister in the South who was not killed.—We have long suspected that the difficulty of preaching the plain Gospel at the South was greatly exaggerated. We have some reason for entertaining the opinion that the real danger is, that the preacher's popularity would suffer with the aristocracy of the land if he should pursue an even course in his religious teachings. Let them honestly follow Father Craven's example and we shall see whether the Lord will forsake them. We find the following anecdote credited to the *Southern Christian Advocate.*

The Rev. William Cravens was among the early Methodists of Rockingham county, Va. He owned a number of slaves when he embraced religion; but he let the oppressed go free. Subsequently so constant was his testimony against the abominations of Slavery, and intemperance, that it became a common saying among the people that Father Cravens could not preach a sermon without having a negro and a bottle of whisky in it.

He had a wealthy and respectable neighbor by the name of Miller, who was a professed Deist.—Miller died with a consumption. Some short time before his death he sent for Father Cravens. The old servant of God went immediately, and when he came into Mr. M.'s room, said to him,

"Well, Harry, (the name Mr. M. was familiarly called in the neighborhood,) did you send for me?"

He answered, "I did, Mr. Cravens."

"And what do you want with me, Harry?"

"I find, Mr. Cravens, that I must soon leave this world, and I find I am not prepared to die. I want you to pray for me, and give me some instructions how I may prepare to stand before the Saviour whom I have so long slighted."

Mr. C. replied, "I thought it would come to this," alluding to Mr. M.'s profession of Deism; "but what have you done with your negroes?"

Mr M. informed him that he had made his will, and settled all his worldly business; that he had his heirs.

replied, "I can't pray for soon pray for the devil, as to pray for you; you are about to rivet the chain bondage on your fellow-man with your dy breath—to take from those unfortunate creatu and their unborn posterity, the right which t God, and your God, and the God who is no respe of persons, gave them. It is not possible that G can have mercy upon you. If you expect merc a righteous God, you must at least do justice to yo fellow-man, and this you cannot do unless the oppressed go free. Good day, Harry," and left the sick man.

It was not long before the preacher was sent for, when he asked again, "What have done with your negroes?"

But a very different answer was given. informed him that he had seriously considered the preacher had said at their first interview—t he had seen the injustice of Slavery, and made up will, and set all his slaves free.

Brother C. exclaimed, "I will pray for you Harry, and I am sure God will have mercy on you too."

He prayed, and conversed with the sick man quently, visited him often, and as far as it can known in this world, the Lord was entreated. M. obtained mercy, and died in peace.

DEAD LETTER OFFICE.

A Washington letter to the New-York Journa Commerce says:

A recent brief inspection of the mysteries of Dead Letter Office, shows that the business of branch of the department is constantly increasing. Fifty dollars per day, on an average, is the amount of money discovered in letters. The sum taken out of letters one day recently, was two hundred and fifty dollars. In such a case, when the amount is large, a letter is addressed to the postmaster, at whose office the money was mailed, in these words: "Sir, there is in this office a letter containing property of value, written by —— at —— and addressed to —— at ——. The number of the letter on our register is ——. Do either of the parties reside in your town or vicinity? Please direct your answer to 'Dead Letter Office,' and name the address of the letter in your answer, and the register number." When small sums are found, they are sent to the post office where they were originally mailed, with instructions if the writer cannot be found, nor the person addressed, in forty days, to return it with the inclosure, accompanied with any information that may be obtained concerning the parties. If no claimants are found, the money at length goes into the United States Treasury. The most accurate registers are kept, so that whenever the owner can "prove property," he can "take it away." Piles of bank notes are stowed away in the iron chest. Shop dry articles, gifts, ribands, book marks, and even photographic likenesses in frame, are among the dead deposits. These are thrown into a common mass. The miniature of a handsome youth thus drawn from the sun is sent to Miss ——, with postage of nearly two dollars—unpaid.

A BOMB-PROOF TOWN.

I have somewhere heard of a regiment ordered march into a small town and take it. I think was in Tyrol; but wherever it was, it chanced the place was settled by a colony who believed the Gospel of Christ, and proved their faith by works. A courier from the neighboring village informed them that the troops were advancing to the town. They quietly answered, "if they will take it, they must." Soldiers soon came riding with colors, and piping their shrill defiance. looked around for an enemy, and saw the farmers at his plough, the blacksmith at his anvil, and the men at their churns and spinning-wheels. crowded to hear the music, and the boys ran to see the pretty trainers, with feathers and bright tons, "the harlequins of the sixteenth century." Of course, none of these were in a proper position to be shot at. "Where are your soldiers?" they asked. "We have none," was the brief reply. "We have come to take the town." "Well, friends it lies before you." "But is there nobody to fight?" "No, we are all Christians."

Here was an emergency altogether unprovided for; a sort of resistance which no bullet could hit; a fortress perfectly bomb-proof. The commander was perplexed. "If there is nobody to fight with, of course we cannot fight," said he. "Is it possible to take such a town as this." He ordered the horses' heads to be turned about, they carried the human animals out of the village as guiltless as they entered, and perchance some what wiser.—*L. M Child.*

WHAT IS FAME?

Byron thus hits off that morbid ambition for notoriety, which has so often deluged nations in blood, filled society with discord and suffering, and brought individuals to poverty and wretchedness:

"For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes die,
And bards burn what they call their 'midnight lamp.'
To have, when the original is dust,
A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust."
New-York Organ.

There is another incentive to war and preaching which Burns hits off as follows:

"'Tis gold that makes the soldier fight the fiercer,
And but for gold, preaching would be scarcer."

Cool.—It is said of the Marquis of Townsend, that when a young man, and engaged in battle, he saw a drummer at his side killed by a cannon-ball, which scattered his brains in every direction. His eyes were at once fixed on the ghastly object, which seemed wholly to engross his thoughts. A superior officer observing him, supposed he was intimidated by the sight, and addressed him in a manner to cheer up his spirits. "O," said the young Marquis, with calmness, but severity, "I am only puzzled to make out how a man with such a quantity of brains ever came to be here."

Books for Prisoners.—We are glad to find, in chapter 324, of the laws passed at the late session of the Legislature, a provision, authorizing the agent of the Clinton State Prison to draw from the income of the Literary Fund the sum of $300, to be expended in the purchase of books for the use of the convicts in said prison. The agents of all the State prisons are also authorized by the same act, during each and every year subsequent to the present, to draw $100 from the same fund, to be expended for the same purpose in the several prisons. This sum, if judiciously expended, will do much toward supplying the demand for wholesome reading among the inmates of our prisons and aid effectually in bringing about that reform which all admit to be desirable, and which will supersede all necessity for those degrading and inhuman punishments that have heretofore held so prominent a place in prison discipline. It is born short time since prisoners were denied the use of all books save the Bible, and since that unwise restriction was removed private charity has been depended upon to furnish that which the State ought never to have denied. This reproach upon our criminal legislation is at length wiped out, we hope forever. Hundreds of men who have been committed to State Prison for the second, third, or fourth time, might, in all probability, have been saved from that disgrace, and made useful citizens, if proper means